HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXI.—No. 1094.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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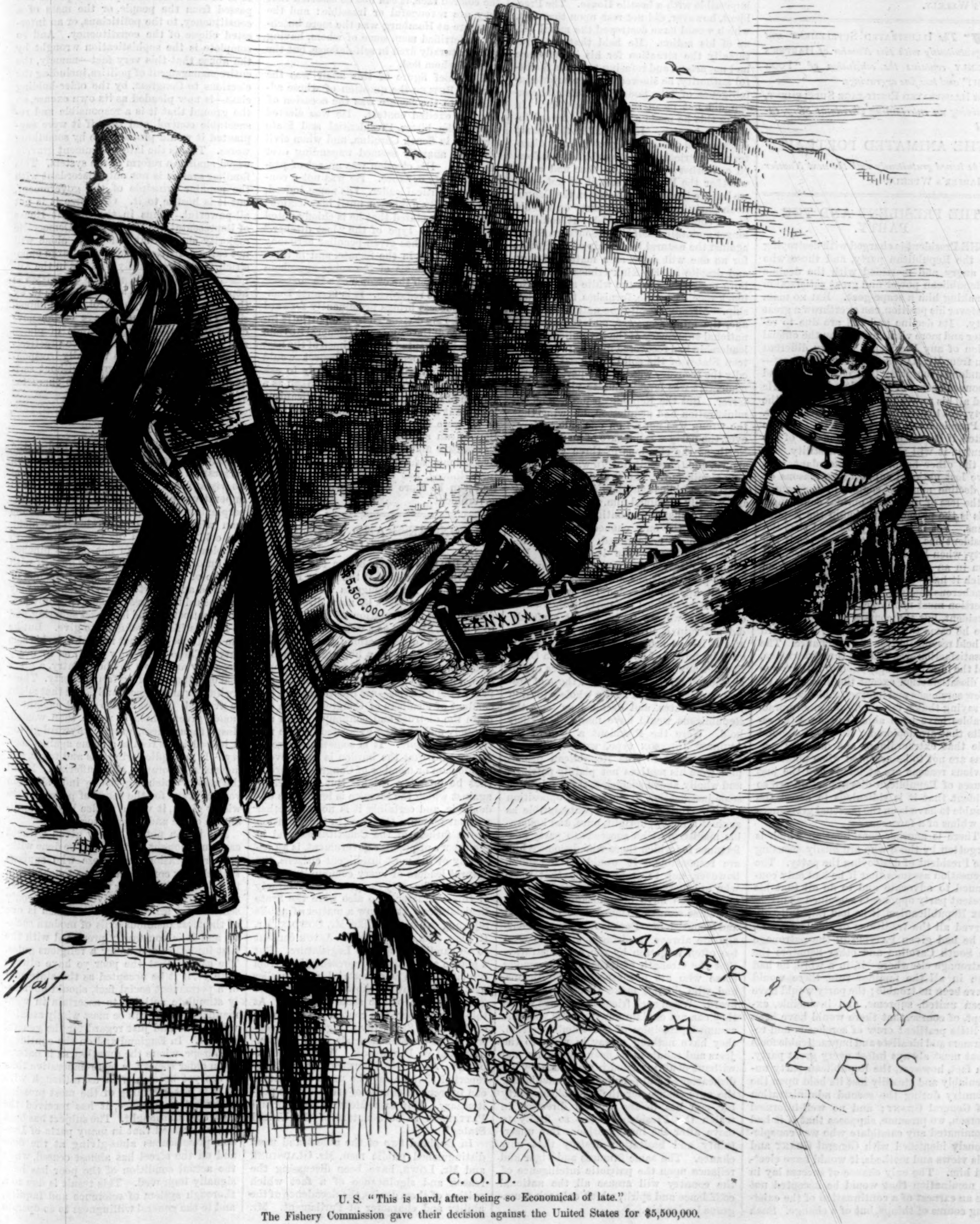

C. O. D.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 15, 1877.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The attention of our readers is respectfully directed to the list of elegant and entertaining books, suitable for holiday presents, printed on the last page of the Supplement to this Number of Harper's Weekly.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the conclusion of* "Poor Zeph!" *and two fine engravings.*

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"THE ANIMATED PORTRAIT,"

will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of Harper's Weekly.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTY.

THE President is charged with destroying the Republican party, and those who are angry and mortified with the decline of Republican power find great satisfaction in making him a scape-goat. But no man, whatever his position, can overthrow a great party. Its decline and fall are due to remoter and more vital causes than the official action of any President. A very different man from Mr. Hayes—Andrew Johnson—abandoned the party that elected him, and denounced some of its noblest leaders. He used all his power to weaken and defeat the party, but his conduct only strengthened it. No President can destroy a party. If it be united, if it command the confidence of the country, it will smile at his hostility. If, on the other hand, it be discordant, if it have lost national support, the reasons of its decline must be sought in the causes of the loss of unity and mutual confidence. This is the present situation of the Republicans. Yet it is angrily asserted that the President has destroyed the party, as if the party, when he entered upon his office, had been in an unquestioned ascendency, from which it had been thrown by his foolish or treacherous conduct. Those who make this assertion must not forget that it is not the President, but the courses of the party before he came to the Presidency, which will be held responsible for any mischance. The dissatisfaction was evident three years ago, and the ingenious suggestion that there was no dissatisfaction except the discontent of a few soreheads and impracticables amounts to saying that a few soreheads and impracticables have been able to produce the results that are deplored. Now it is a sound rule that extraordinary and doubtful reasons are not to be accepted when plain and obvious reasons are at hand; and the just causes of Republican dissatisfaction are so evident that it is ridiculous to assert the trouble to have been the personal grievances or whims of a few men.

There is another consideration which is forgotten by those who are busily accusing the President of destroying the party. The accusation assumes that if he had only continued to advocate and to do all that his present party opponents sustained as orthodox Republicanism, if he had faithfully observed all the traditions of the last years, if he had given Patterson the patronage in South Carolina and other Senators the patronage elsewhere—if, in a word, he had run in all the familiar ruts, there would have been no trouble; the party would have been united, supreme, and invincible, except, of course, that there would have been a little pestilent crew of soreheads and reformers and idealists and impracticable fools that must always infest every great party. In fact, however, the Republican party undeniably and steadily lost its hold upon the country during the second administration of General Grant; and no well-informed person, we presume, supposes that if it had nominated any candidate who was conspicuously identified with General Grant and his views and methods, it would have elected him. The only chance of success lay in a nomination that would be accepted not as an earnest of a continuation of the existing course of things, but of a change. Such a nomination was fortunately made, but the result of the election showed that the Republican ascendency was perilously shaken; and if the new President had begun in the old way, and had shown the country that there would be no change whatever, the Republican party would have gone to pieces without a struggle. It is not at all clear that the things which had occasioned such wide dissatisfaction had not already fatally injured the party. But it is perfectly plain that the only chance for continued power lay in the general policy foreshadowed by the President.

That policy was a real pacification and the correction of acknowledged abuses in the civil service. The opposing policy was maintenance of Republican ascendency by force in two doubtful Southern States, and the unchanged personal and political system of the civil service. As a matter of fact, independent of all question of right, the use of military force in those States was impossible with a hostile House. The President, however, did not rest upon that fact, which would have destroyed the moral value of his action. He held that constitutionally the situation for his interference had not arisen, and refusing to strain doubtful authority, he showed to the patriotic intelligence of "the South" that Republicanism did not mean sectional hostility. In doing this he made a long step forward toward real union. It is possible that party disaster will follow, but greater party disaster and patriotic injury would have followed any other course. The time had come, whether the President saw it or not—and we believe that he saw it—when the Republican party as a sectional party on the old issues could no longer exist. It could no longer maintain itself in the Southern States against the natural leadership of the South; for no one will deny, as a matter of fact, and despite all Ku-Klux crimes and Hamburg massacres, that the white and not the black race, as a rule, furnishes that leadership. Already, despite the national patronage, the military power, and the absolute national supremacy of the Republicans, that leadership had recovered fourteen of the sixteen States of the solid South. Undoubtedly the recovery was in large part unjustly made. It was largely due to violence and terror. But the Republican party and Administration had acquiesced, knowing that the wrong was not all on one side. Moreover, the party was not sure of an undivided North, as the elections of three years had shown, and the result in 1876 was unmistakably significant. The President heeded it, and if Republican leaders had unselfishly and warmly sustained him, the party would have had a chance for continued supremacy, which was the only chance, and which is now seriously endangered. Let the responsibility rest where it belongs. Republican disaster, as every body knows, is due to party divisions, and they, as is equally well known, preceded the Administration. It has ruined the party in the Southern States, we are told. But it certainly did not ruin it in fourteen of the sixteen; and if it had attempted to secure ascendency by force in Louisiana and South Carolina, let any man look at the figures of the election of 1876, compared with those of preceding elections, and at the whole situation in those States, and decide how long the Republicans would have maintained their hold. Were the President a man of the Andrew Johnson type, were he in any sense recreant to true Republican principles, were his motives not plainly patriotic and wholly above suspicion, there might be some justification in the tone of opposition to him. But that tone is contemptible as against a manly, upright, pure, and honorable magistrate who succeeds to party misfortunes for which those who denounce him are responsible. It would be uncandid, however, not to state frankly that those who are most disposed to support the Administration have been disappointed that its course seems at times to be both timid and inconsistent. Decision, vigor, and courage are always inspiring, and it has been too often forgotten by the Administration that the strength of its support is among those who are not especially politicians, and who do not make themselves loudly heard. When such friends see things which they can not explain nor reconcile with the assumed principles of the Administration, they have nothing to say in reply to the jeers and taunts of its open opponents, and without doubting good intentions, they are disheartened and perplexed. Undoubtedly the only chance for the Republican party lay, and lies, in the general direction in which the President began so firmly to move after the inauguration. But uncertainty and hesitation destroy that only chance. The same firmness and vigor and reliance upon the patriotic intelligence of the country will arouse all the national confidence and spirit, which only ask courageous leadership.

THE HAMBURG MASSACRE.

The contest for the control of the Senate has virtually turned upon the admission of a Senator of whom no Democrat can be proud, as no Republican is proud of Mr. Patterson. The part taken by General Butler in the Hamburg massacre is well known. The facts were widely published, and they have never been successfully questioned. The pretense of fear of a negro rising, which was put forth as the excuse of the wanton slaughter of innocent men, is an insult to every intelligent person. Indeed, had there ever been in any part of the Southern States since the war any well-grounded fear of a negro rising, the effect of the mere apprehension would undoubtedly have been serviceable to the negroes as compelling the kind of respect which always accompanies fear. But it is fortunate for all sides that there has been no such fear and no such plan. Whatever else may truly be said of the colored race, it can not be asserted that they are revengeful or irascible: and the massacre at Hamburg was the mere butchery of terrified men, some of whom, having arms, naturally fired in self-defense, but the most of whom fled.

The chief figure of this affair was the General Butler the question of whose admission to the Senate was the occasion of the late excited contest. He was elected during the bitter Presidential and State struggle in South Carolina, and when civil war and anarchy seemed impending over the State. His election was an act of passionate party defiance. He was not a conspicuous political leader. His name, indeed, was generally unknown until his election; but it is now stated that he is chiefly noted as an extreme type of the "last ditcher." This fact also has given peculiar acrimony to the contest in the Senate, and it illustrates the grounds of the sober apprehension with which the chance of a Democratic restoration is regarded. It is because Democratic success brings prominently forward those who are distrusted by the patriotic intelligence of the country. If General Butler were to be accepted as a specimen of the best Southern Democracy, the prospect would not be encouraging. It is no reply to ask whether Mr. Patterson is to be taken as a sample of the best Southern Republicanism, because it is the very fact that he and such as he were honored which was urged as a Republican shame. Those who object to Patterson and replace him with Butler select a man of a different kind of unsavoriness, indeed, but they do not prove that they can be more wisely trusted with the government.

CONGRESS AND PUBLIC OPINION.

Mr. Bland's remark before the committee of the Senate, that if the Silver Bill was defeated, the next Congress would sponge out the national debt by more direct repudiation; the denunciation of Mr. Chittenden by Mr. Felton as a wrecker luring honest mariners to destruction; the motion of Mr. S. S. Cox to make a huge gift of money from the national treasury to certain workmen, and, when his motion was lost, his appeal to the galleries—are illustrations of the conduct of members of Congress which explain the distrust and contempt which are so freely and so often expressed for the national legislature. It is sometimes sarcastically said that the burden is upon every public man or member of Congress to prove that he is not a thief. But the feeling against which the sarcasm is levelled is undeniable, and certainly it is not altogether without reason. Congress, in the intention of the fathers of the Constitution, and in the theory of popular government, is an assembly of the most intelligent citizens, the natural leaders of every community in the country. The early Congresses were largely of this character. So also were the State Legislatures. It is now a matter of public rejoicing when men like Mr. Cowdin, Mr. H. Fish, Jun., and Mr. W. W. Astor consent to be candidates for the Legislature. But a glance at the list of representatives from the city and its neighborhood in the earlier part of the century shows that they were generally men of the same standing. At this writing there is a contest in the Senate of the United States involving its party control. The decision depends upon Mr. Conover and Mr. Patterson. Who is Mr. Conover? As for Mr. Patterson it is openly reported that he says he must do what he can to secure a chance of escaping the penitentiary. How came Messrs. Conover and Patterson to be Senators of the United States?

In England two of the ablest and most distinguished public men, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe, have been discussing the reason and significance of a fact which neither of them denies, the decadence of the ability and character of Parliament. Mr. Lowe deplores it as a sign of national decline. Mr. Gladstone thinks that it has compensations greater than its mischiefs. Mr. Lowe finds the reason of the decline in the enlargement of the suffrage. In this country, however, general suffrage is the point of departure, and the reasons of the unquestionable decline in the respect with which Congress is regarded are many. The single influence that has most affected American politics within the last sixty years is the foreign immigration. The next most disturbing influence is the system of appointments in the civil service. A member of Congress who commands, as was lately the rule, the entire national patronage of his district, in a great degree ceases to be responsible to its public opinion. He commands the captains of tens and hundreds in the management of caucuses and local conventions, and he is therefore unmindful of the judgment which intelligent and independent citizens may pass upon his conduct. It is in this sense that political power has passed from the people, or the mass of a constituency, to the politicians, or an interested clique of the constituency. And so complete is the sophistication wrought by the abuse that this very fact—namely, the entire management of politics, including the elections to Congress, by the office-holding class—is now pleaded as its own excuse, on the ground that it is a responsible and respectable control, and that if it were supplanted it would probably be by something worse. This is the latest argument gravely urged against a reform of the system. This familiar system is not only discordant with the popular principle of the government, but it is hostile to it. Of course it is not all-powerful. Thus in the present House of Representatives the fact of a Democratic majority shows that patronage alone will not carry a district as against a large opposition. But it generally controls in the Administration districts, and the opposition is kept closely together and well in hand by the hope of obtaining control. It is impossible that the vast patronage of the government, distributing thousands of places and millions of dollars, should be practically, as it has been, at the virtually irresponsible disposition of Congress, without seriously and evidently affecting the character of that body unfavorably.

CHARITY.

The season of Thanksgiving and of the holidays, the return of winter and the long prostration of industry, make charity and its wisest forms one of the most natural and imperative questions. And it is hardly less perplexing than inevitable. The humane man who hurries comfortably clad along the cold street from his pleasant home to his pleasant office can not pass a pinched and forlorn beggar, and satisfy himself with a wave of the hand or an impatient nod of the head and a curt monosyllable. He may have heard that street alms-giving only promotes pauperism and increases suffering, and so feel justified in refusing to give. But he can hardly believe that refusal to be his sole duty. There is in New York, as in every large city and town in the country, a great deal of actual suffering from poverty. There are hunger and despair and death that might be avoided. There is also a vast amount of money given which is worse than wasted. Hasty, thoughtless, unwise, wayward giving is, indeed, in its results a crime against society. It multiplies criminals and taxes, and increases ignorance and suffering. If all the money which is given by individuals in various ways for the relief of poverty were wisely given, it would suffice largely to diminish crime and poverty together.

But it can not be wisely given without care and thought. It can not be done without organization, and those who suppose that charity consists in being touched by a tale of woe and giving money for its relief must learn that such giving is often only sentimental selfishness. Pauperism is one of the most insidious evils of modern society, and it is constantly promoted with the best intention and under a religious guise. The saying that the poor ye have always with ye, if it be accepted as the statement of a permanent social fact, should obviously stimulate activity to ascertain in what manner the poor can be most wisely assisted with a due and just regard for the general welfare. In England and on the continent of Europe, where the question, as is natural in an older society, is more imperative than it has yet become with us, although with us it is fast becoming of the most pressing and vital importance, it has received the most careful thought. The subject has been so well treated that in many parts of London promiscuous alms-giving at the door and on the street has almost ceased, while the actual condition of the poor has been signally improved. This result is due to a thorough system of reference and inquiry, and to the general willingness to co-operate in procuring honest and efficient relief. It is not to be expected that every person can leave his business to ascertain whether every beggar's story be true; whether, as he says, he is starving; whether his family is dying with destitution and hunger. But it is perfectly possible to have a system of inquiry so organized that every case can be summarily investigated and relief given where it is found to be indispensable. Of course if an individual will undertake the inquiry for himself, it will be a public service as well as a possible private blessing. But it must not be forgotten that nowhere is experience more valuable than in such visitations, and that the most well-meaning Christian may be merely fostering vice when he supposes himself to be soothing suffering.

In London, as we understand, in large districts tickets are left for free distribution at convenient places. Every person can supply himself and give a ticket to every applicant, which insures prompt inquiry and necessary relief. The expense is provided by voluntary contributions. In New York there is a somewhat similar system, under the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, except that the tickets are obtainable only by the paying members of the society. The general system, however, is obvious and sensible and practicable. It is, indeed, derided as machine charity. But machine charity which is intelligent and honest, which exposes trickery, which diminishes intemperance and crime and wretchedness, which saves money, and, in a true sense, saves souls, is very much better than an emotional and sentimental almsgiving, which prides itself as religious, while it promotes drunkenness, crime, and misery. The people who loudly decry machine charity, and give upon the street or at the door to those of whom they know nothing, must not think that they are promoting the sympathy between rich and poor which they assert to be the best part of charity. They have no right to speak of sympathy until they show it by personal visitation. They sneer at machine charity, while they support impostors, and ruin the honest and industrious poor by tempting them to beg. The subject is worthy of the careful consideration of all good citizens who know that to give ignorantly is to do a great wrong, yet who are not satisfied to shake their heads negatively and to do nothing; and to all such we commend the annual report of the society we have named, and whose office is at 59 Bible House.

THE "HURON."

The most striking fact in the story of the terrible wreck of the *Huron* is the heroism of the victims. The clear and simple tale of the survivors is extremely touching, showing that human nature is never more admirable than at times of the utmost peril. "The conduct of the men was most admirable," says one. "Every one was perfectly cool, and showed no sign of fear," says another. The ship had been driven on shore by a fierce gale. She was fast breaking up under the tremendous blows of the sea that swept clean over her. A dense fog obscured every thing, and the cold was pitiless. It was sudden, awful, hopeless disaster. But the firemen and engineers remained quietly at their posts; the crew obeyed orders; there was no panic, no madness, no despair. The agony, let us hope, was brief. The brave men who would have served their country faithfully in battle have served it even more effectively by the tranquil heroism with which they met a fate more terrible than death in battle.

There is apparently no other blame than that the ship was too near the shore for a stormy time. Storm signals were set when she sailed, and if the commander did not feel that they should delay his sailing, they should, perhaps, have warned him to put straight out to sea. But of this we know nothing, and possibly never can know any thing. The commander was a trusty officer, and felt sure of his ship and his course. It was stated, when the catastrophe was first announced, that the *Huron* was a wretchedly built ship, with defective boilers, and ill fitted for a storm. The report of an investigating committee of the last House was quoted, alleging that the *Huron* was "flimsily built," with "dangerous boilers," and "little speed." In accordance with the assertions of this report, it was at first supposed that the machinery had given way, and that the ship was left at the mercy of the waves and the wind. But the fact proves to be that the machinery worked perfectly until the ship struck, and that the boilers were dislocated only by the general break-up. In contradiction of the Congressional report, which was a political document made for the party purpose of discrediting the late Administration, and which is therefore justly covered with suspicion, Messrs. John Roach & Son, the builders of the *Huron*, state that she was built under the constant inspection of a naval constructor, and that she was one of the strongest vessels of her size in the world. The plans of the machinery were thoroughly considered, and unanimously recommended by a board of competing engineers, and, when finished, a severe trial of one hundred and forty-four consecutive hours was made, developing twenty per cent. more power than was anticipated. The screw was lately changed, not on account of any defect, but to note the difference in results with one of a different model. The statements of the letter are altogether more credible and probable than the assertions of a party committee on the eve of a general election, and the facts throw a copious light upon the real value of all such documents. The cause of the disaster was not the "flimsiness" of the *Huron's* hull, nor the "dangerous" condition of her boilers.

Doubtless a court of inquiry will ascertain all that can now be known of the circumstances of the wreck. If the commander rashly hugged the shore to avoid the Gulf Stream current and to save time, that, of course, will not be concealed. There is no interest now but to know the truth, which may avert many a calamity as melancholy as this.

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

The comparison between the Christmas and holiday books of to-day and the *Annuals* and *Souvenirs*, the *Tokens* and *Keepsakes*, of fifty years ago, is very instructive and suggestive. It shows not only the amazing advance of every branch of the arts of printing, of engraving, of binding, and of all the crafts essential to the manufacture of a fine book, but also of the tastes and interests and studies of the buyers of books. This fact is especially illustrated this year by books which the Harpers have just issued, which by their exceeding beauty are most desirable at the season of gifts, but which are also of permanent and essential value. They are the more welcome and appropriate at this time because they deal, many of them, with what may be called the various domestic aspects of art. They are manuals of fitness and beauty in the details of the daily life of the home, its tasteful decoration, its table service, and furniture, leaving even people of the most modest homes and most moderate means no excuse for gracelessness and clumsiness and ugliness in the household.

One of the most striking and interesting of these books is Mr. W. C. Prime's *Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations*, with tables of factory and artists' marks for the use of collectors. This is the title of a work profusely and exquisitely illustrated, which is an ample store-house of rare and curious and useful information upon a subject of recent but now very general and intelligent interest. We were speaking two or three weeks since of Longfellow's "Kéramos," his delightful poem in the December *Harper*, melodiously sketching the poetic suggestions to the imagination of the potter's work and ware. Mr. Prime's book well follows, for it is a survey in detail of the whole field of pottery, porcelain, and faience; of the progress of the art in every country and time; of its masters and schools, with their characteristics, gathering from every accessible source what the student and collector most wish to know, and telling the tale with a sincere and intelligent enthusiasm, without which, indeed, it could not be fitly told. Mr. Prime begins by saying pleasantly that every body may wisely ride a hobby. He has ridden his so wisely that he is known as one of the chief authorities upon the subject, and his collection is renowned. Last summer we were in a quaint old house in one of the most retired villages of Western Massachusetts looking at some interesting relics of various kinds, and to enhance their charm the host could not help saying with pride that Mr. Prime had seen them all, and, of course, had captured the most truly valuable. His book is a comprehensive and delightful cyclopedia, to which we commend every body who would understand the fascination of pottery and porcelain.

While Mr. Prime deals with this form of art, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford devotes a beautiful volume to *Art Decoration Applied to Furniture*, in which the most attractive and varied illustrations of all the details of ornamented rooms and furnishing are supplemented by careful and sensible suggestions and historical sketches; and Mr. George Ward Nichols takes up the general subject of *Art Education Applied to Industry*, giving most interesting details of its present condition in the chief countries of Europe and in this country. His work is also very beautifully and copiously illustrated. We have then *Contemporary Art in Europe*, by Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, illustrated with the portraits and characteristic works of the living masters. The illustrations are the finest specimens of wood-engraving that we have seen, clear, firm, light, delicate, and broad. It is a most attractive book, full of interesting information concerning the artists and the schools of to-day. And with the same set of works we may mention Mr. Parton's *History of Caricature* in all times and countries—the story of art grotesquely applied to politics and current public affairs. It is an exceedingly entertaining book, and its reproductions from the drawings of Mr. Nast show conclusively that this branch of art was never more powerful and felicitous than it is in America to-day. We must not linger longer among these beautiful books, but we will mention Mr. Trowbridge's *Book of Gold*—a volume of illustrated poems whose hearty and homely interest will commend them to many readers, and the binding of which is so unique and quaint and appropriate that the poetry begins before the book is opened; and *Our Children's Songs*, which will be found to be one of the most delightful of the holiday volumes for young people. It is a happy selection of songs for the nursery, for childhood, for girlhood, for boyhood, with hymns also for the nursery and for childhood. It is an ascending series from George Macdonald's "The Baby" to Addison's "Spacious firmament on high," and with its pretty form and pleasing pictures will brighten many a young face and heart.

PERSONAL.

The London *World's* last "Celebrity at Home" is Count Moltke, whose mode of life is very regular. He rises at seven. After breakfast, served in German style, and consisting of coffee and rolls, he takes a cigar. Letters and papers arriving with the morning mail are delivered to him at nine, and quickly but thoroughly read. Shortly after eleven, when he changes his comfortable dressing-gown for regimentals, and replaces a black smoking-cap with a wig of light brownish color, he confers with his aids-de-camp and leading officers of the general staff. During this occupation, which is speedily transacted, he takes cold meat and a glass of beer for lunch. On the stroke of two he leaves his study and sets out for a walk or ride. On horseback his appearance, generally more resembling that of a scholar than a soldier, undergoes a marked transformation, the rather curved figure becoming erect and full of animation. Dinner, commencing at four, at which he drinks his favorite beverage, a light Moselle wine, is taken in the midst of his family, and enlivened by unrestrained mirth and conversation. Then follow coffee and a cigar in the study. From five to seven he resumes his writing. Although his pen glides easily over the paper, corrections are seldom necessary, his thought, despite his advanced years, being always concentrated. Before supper the evening papers are carefully read by the field-marshal, who is much interested in all current events of the day. Theatres and public concerts are rarely visited by him. He only appears at court on the most urgent occasions, much preferring home life to the gayeties of society. He is very fond of a quiet game of whist, and plays it nearly every evening. The hour previous to retiring is generally devoted to music. No proficient in this art, Moltke has a most cultivated ear, and is an especial enthusiast of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schubert.

—Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu, the celebrated African traveller, whose books for children form one of the pleasantest and at the same time one of the most instructive libraries of travel in the whole range of juvenile literature, delivered a very interesting lecture a few evenings since before the young people of St. Peter's Church, in Brooklyn. His theme was the familiar one of African exploration, but the lecturer succeeded in keeping his audience enchained with his sparkling wit and flow of anecdote and description. No lecturer has more tact than Mr. Du Chaillu in engaging the attention of an audience. On this occasion he had a most enthusiastic company of listeners, and the applause that greeted him at the close of his remarks must have been very gratifying to the African explorer.

—The Baptists of New Hampshire are rejoiced that the $30,000 needed to secure the $35,000 offered by Mrs. James B. Colgate to the New London Institute has been secured.

—Hon. Charles Francis Adams made a pleasant speech the other day at the reunion of the old scholars of the Boston Latin School, in the course of which he said: "In regard to this matter of education, it has happened to me, what I believe has happened to very few persons living. I have never had the happiness of any continuous instruction in school, and I look to the two years that I spent in the Latin School as the only two years that ever gave me any lessons to learn." While in Russia, where his father was minister for six years, and subsequently in England for two years, he learned nothing at school, but, at the same time, while living quietly at home, caught four different languages, and could speak each with equal facility. From the Latin School he was taken to Washington, where he learned nothing, and in due time sent to Harvard, where he was not taught much, but learned a great deal, spending most of his time in the library. Mr. Adams hints rather broadly that he does not think much of drilling scholars as you drill soldiers.

—Mr. War-correspondent Forbes finds himself quite a lion in England. The London *World* has a biographical sketch of him, giving the leading exploits in his career, together with a few details of certain feats showing his enterprise and endurance. "After three campaigns in Spain," says the *World*, "he found himself again on very serious duty in the Servian war of last year. After the battle of Djunis, which sealed the fate of the Servian war, he had 137 miles between him and his base of telegraphic communication with England. Starting just before sundown, he rode from Deligrad to Semendria—a hundred miles in fourteen hours—on ordinary post-horses, riding 'estafette,' as it is called. He then secured a carriole, and drove himself on to Belgrade in time to cross to Semlin and send off his telegram on the morning after the battle. During the present war he has almost lived in the saddle, riding all day in the field, and frequently riding all night with his news. Ascertaining that the first attack on Plevna was about to be made, he rode one horse for eighty miles to the field of battle, and rode him through that eventful day till, after being hunted by Bashi-Bazouks, horse and rider lay down to rest together. So utterly wearied was the horse that he stretched himself at full length by the side of his master, laid his head on his knee, and slept without moving till the next alarm. In the morning came a ride of forty miles to Sistova, near the end of which the horse fell from sheer exhaustion, and the indomitable war correspondent walked into Sistova with his saddle on his head. From this point he reached Bucharest, and between Ploesti and Cronstadt in Transylvania rode on relays of ponies until he handed in at the telegraph office of the latter place that brilliant, graphic, and critical description of the battle of Plevna which excited so much comment in England, where it arrived on the third day after the battle."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: On the 23d ult., the House passed the bill for the repeal of the third section of the Resumption Act, by a majority of 13, accepting the Fort amendment as a substitute for Mr. Ewing's original bill. The final vote stood 133 to 120; 28 Republicans voted with 105 Democrats in favor of repeal, and 30 Democrats with 90 Republicans against it. The East cast 14 votes for repeal, and 67 against it; the West cast 30 for the bill, and 41 against it; while the South cast 79 for repeal, and 13 against it. On the 26th, the bill was received in the Senate, and referred. Majority and minority reports on the Kellogg-Spofford contest were made, on the 26th, by the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections.—On the 27th, after a continuous session of twenty-eight hours, the Senate, by a vote of 29 to 27, passed the resolution discharging the Committee on Elections from further consideration of the credentials of M. C. Butler, claiming a seat from South Carolina. Senators Conover and Patterson voted with the Democrats. The House, on the 27th, passed a resolution requesting the President to state what legal impediments, if any, exist that prevent him from executing the laws in relation to the Union Pacific Railroad and its branches.—On the 28th, Senator Wadleigh moved to take up the report in favor of seating Mr. Kellogg, of Louisiana. Mr. Thurman moved to amend by substituting the name of M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, but this was voted down by 30 to 30, the Vice-President casting the decisive vote. Mr. Thurman challenged the right of the Vice-President to vote on a question affecting the organization of a body of which he was not a member, but after some discussion the challenge was withdrawn. Mr. Saulsbury moved to recommit the Kellogg case, with instructions to take testimony concerning the alleged frauds in the Louisiana election. The debate on this motion occupied the remainder of the day, and was resumed on the 29th. At half past two o'clock on the morning of the 1st inst., Messrs. Butler and Kellogg were admitted to seats, and were sworn in. Senators Patterson and Conover voted for them both.—The nomination of General Harlan as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court was confirmed on the 29th ult.—The Paris Exposition Bill passed the Senate on the 30th, with some unimportant amendments.

The Fishery Commission, sitting at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 23d ult., decided against the United States, and awarded Great Britain the sum of $5,500,000.

The United States steam sloop of war *Huron* was wrecked near Oregon Inlet, on the North Carolina coast, early on the morning of the 24th ult. Over one hundred lives were lost. A picture of the vessel is given on page 989, and the particulars of her loss on page 986.

The New York and New Haven steamer *C. H. Northam* was destroyed by fire on the 27th ult., while awaiting repairs at the foot of East Seventh Street, in this city. Three colored men were burned to death.

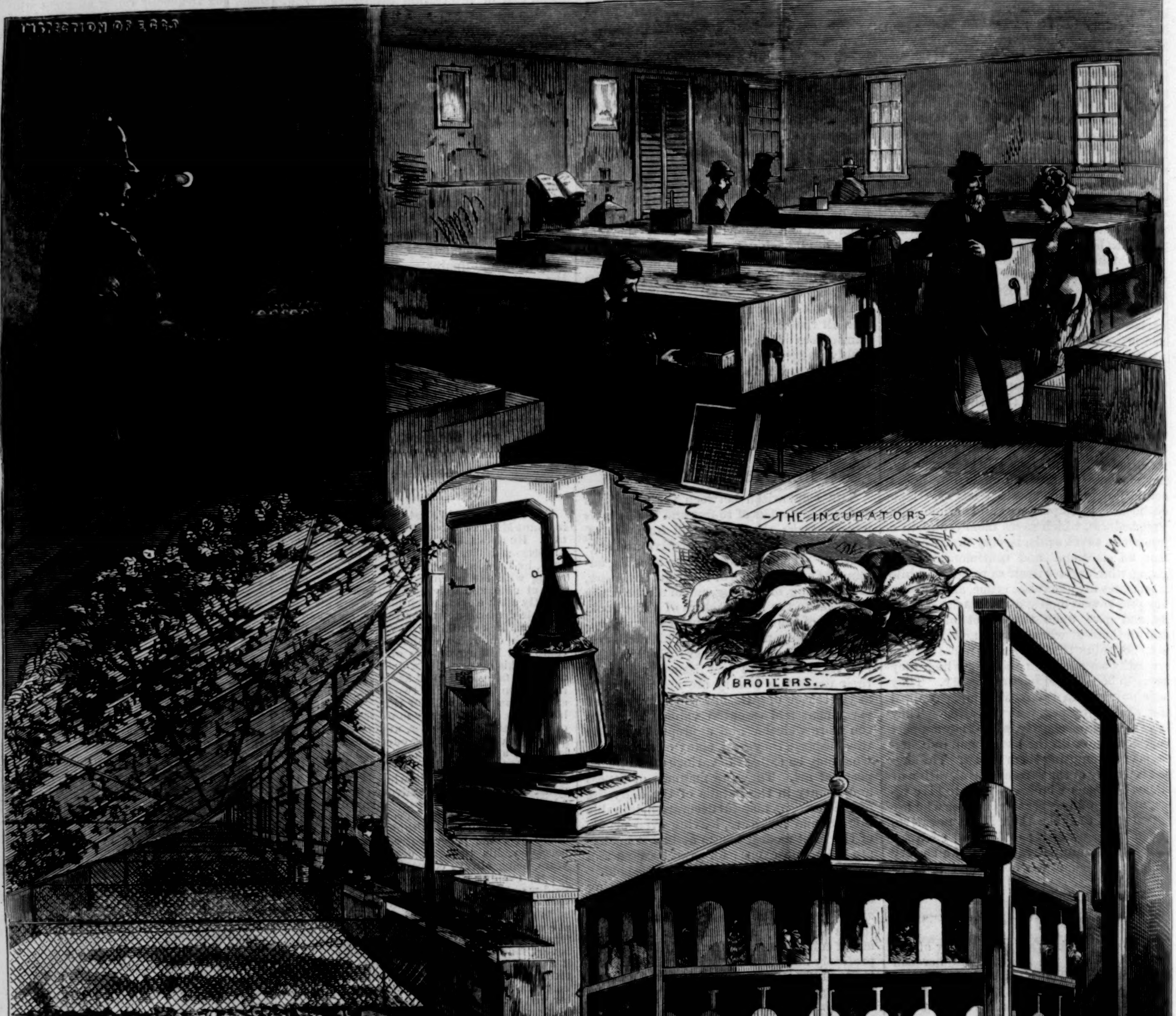
Information has reached Washington that while the Sioux Indians were being removed from Red Cloud Agency to the Missouri River, 1700 of them broke away, and are now on the war-path. General Terry has issued orders to the United States troops to prepare for a winter campaign.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: A decree has been issued calling out 150,000 Turkish Civic Guards in Constantinople and the provinces, to maintain order during the possible absence of the regular forces. Christians are summoned to participate in this levy.—The Russians, on the 24th ult., captured the fortified town of Etropoli (about twenty miles north of the Balkans and forty miles from Sophia), with trifling loss. The Turks fled in disorder. On the same day the Turks evacuated Orchanieh.—The Montenegrins have met with further success. On the night of the 24th, after several hours' desperate fighting, they captured two forts commanding the town and port of Spizza. They now hold all the territory as far as the Bojana, except the citadel at Antivari, and Dulcigno.—The first act of war on the part of the Servians is reported by the Belgrade correspondent of the London *Times*, who states that a Servian battalion recently crossed the frontier near Vratarnitza, to protect some Bulgarian women and children. The Turks drove the Servians back, and many were killed and wounded on both sides. A commission has left Belgrade to investigate the matter. The various consuls have been informed of the affair.—The Roumanians are reported to have occupied Zibru and Lom Palanka. The latter place is on the Danube, between Widdin and Rahova.—The Russians officially report their losses, from the commencement of the war to the 21st ult., at 71,705 men.—On the 26th, the Turks sent out troops from Plevna to attack the Russians at Tirstenik, Metchka, Palomarka, and Kazelevo, but they were repulsed. Suleiman Pasha estimates his losses at the two first-named places at 290 killed and 854 wounded.—Lord Derby, on the 28th, said, in reply to a deputation who waited upon him to urge some action in regard to the war: "We have spoken, in as strong terms as diplomatic usage permits, of the necessity of not allowing Constantinople to pass into other hands than those that now hold it. Upon that point I can only refer you to the language we held at the beginning of the war, from which we do not intend to depart in the slightest degree."—The British fleet, which was to have left Besika Bay to winter at Smyrna and Malta, has been ordered to remain in the bay.

The new French ministry was announced, on the 23d ult., as follows: President of the Council and Minister of War, General Grimandet de Rochebouet; Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Marquis de Banneville; Minister of the Interior, M. De Welche; Minister of Justice, M. Lepelletier; Minister of Finance, M. Dutilleul; Minister of Commerce, M. Ozenne; Minister of Public Works, M. Graeff; Minister of Public Instruction, M. Faye; Minister of Marine, Admiral Roussin. On the 24th, the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 323 to 208, passed a resolution refusing to accept the new ministry. On the 26th, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Bordoux (Republican) moved modifications lessening the rigor of the existing state of siege and press laws. The motion was declared urgent. It is to the effect that during prorogation of both Chambers the President may proclaim a state of siege, but the Chambers will meet, on their own authority, within three days of its promulgation. During dissolution a state of siege can only be proclaimed in the event of foreign war.

The Pope is again reported to be dying. The Roman correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphs, on the 1st inst., that an effort was made to dress the sick man, but it was discovered that he could not sit upright.


INSPECTION OF EGGS
THE INCUBATORS
BROILERS.
THE HEATER
THE NURSERY.
THE EPINETTE
THE COOPS
CHICKS.
FEEDING APPARATUS.

ARTIFICIAL CHICKEN-HATCHING.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 983.]

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

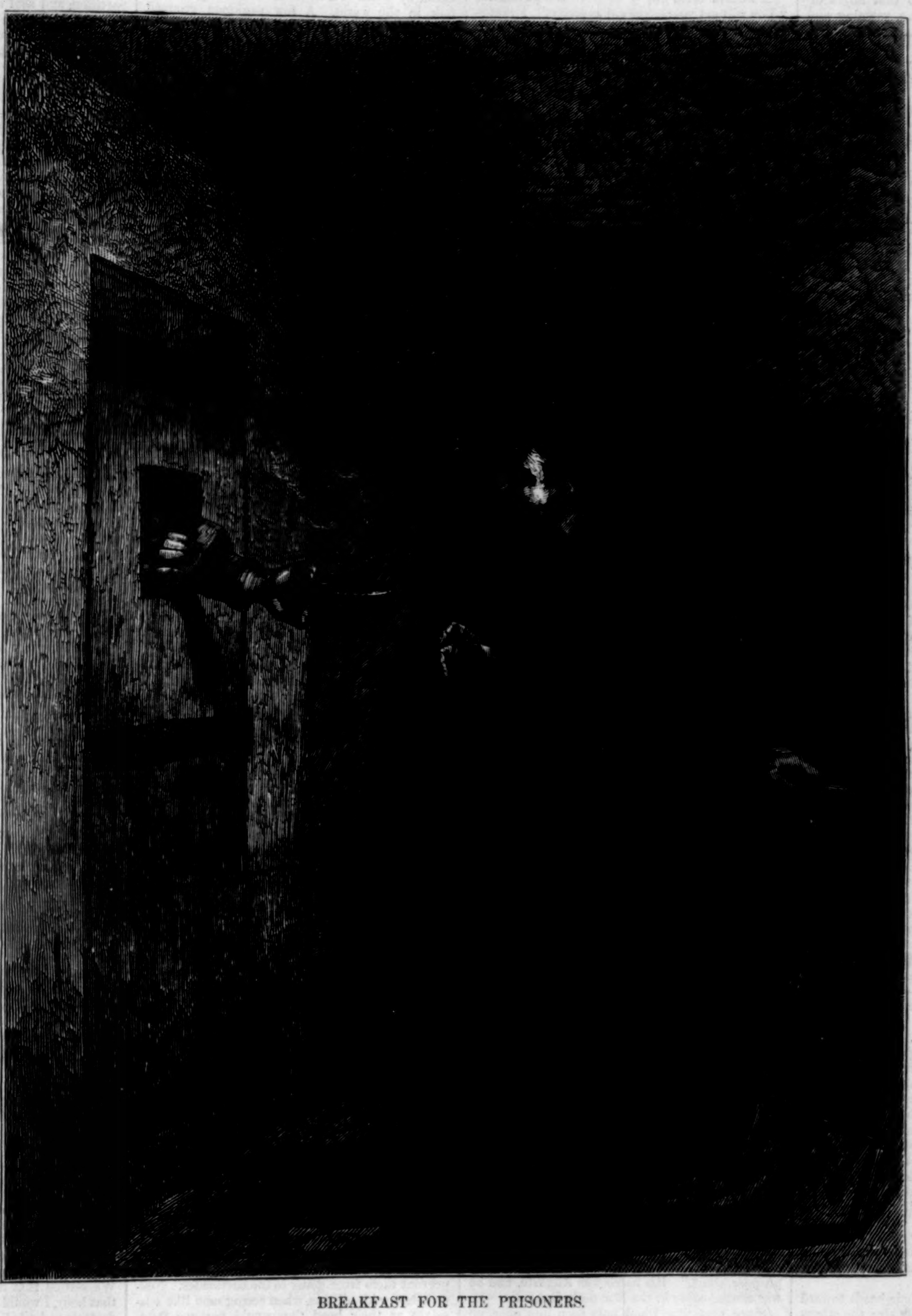
BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.—THE FIRST DAY.—THE AMBUSH.

XVI.

THE EPISODE OF THE BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN.

WHEN Charamaule and I reached No. 70 Rue Blanche, a steep lonely street, a man in a sort of naval sub-officer's uniform was walking up and down before the door. The portress, who recognized us, called our attention to him. "Nonsense," said Charamaule; "a man walking about in that manner, and dressed after that fashion, is assuredly not a police spy."



BREAKFAST FOR THE PRISONERS.

"A bell rang in the prison, the grating of the door opened, and an arm held out to the prisoner a pewter porringer and a piece of bread."—[See Page 962, No. 1093.]

"My dear colleague," said I, "Bedeau has proved that the police are blockheads."

We went up stairs. The drawing-room and a little antechamber which led to it were full of Representatives, with whom were mingled a good many persons who did not belong to the Assembly. Some ex-members of the Constituent Assembly were there, among others, Bastide and several Democratic journalists. The *Nationale* was represented by Alexandre Rey and Leopold Duras, the *Révolution* by Xavier Durrieu, Vasbenter, and Watripon, the *Avénement du Peuple* by H. Coste, nearly all the other editors of the *Avénement* being in prison. About sixty members of the Left were there, and among others Edgar Quinet, Schœlcher, Madier de Montjau, Carnot, Noël Parfait, Pierre Lefranc, Bancel, De Flotte, Bruckner, Chaix, Cassal, Esquiros, Durand-Savoyat, Yvan, Carlos Forel, Etchegoyen, Labrousse, Barthélemy (Eure-et-Loire), Huguenin, Aubry (du Nord), Malardier, Victor Chauffour, Belin, Renaud, Bac, Versigny, Sain, Joigneaux, Brives, Guilgot, Pelletier, Doutre, Gindrier, Arnaud (de l'Ariége), Sartin, Raymond (de l'Isère), Brillier, Maigne, Raynaud, Léon Vidal, Lafon, Lamargue, Bourzat, and General Rey.

All were standing. They were talking without order. Leopold Duras had just described the investment of the Café Bonvalet. Jules Favre and Baudin, seated at a little table between the two windows, were writing. Baudin had a copy of the Constitution open before him, and was copying Article 68.

When we entered there was silence, and they asked us: "Well, what news?"

Charamaule told them what had just taken place on the Boulevard du Temple, and the advice which he had thought right to give to me. They approved his action.

"What is to be done?" was asked on every side. I began to speak.

"Let us go straight to the fact and to the point," said I. "Louis Bonaparte is gaining ground, and we are losing ground, or rather, we should say, he has as yet every thing, and we have as yet nothing. Charamaule and I have been obliged to separate ourselves from Colonel Forestier. I doubt if he will succeed. Louis Bonaparte is doing all he can to suppress us: we must no longer keep in the background. We must make our presence felt. We must fan this beginning of the flame of which we have seen the spark on the Boulevard du Temple. A proclamation must be made, no matter by whom it is printed or how it is placarded, but it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately. Something brief, rapid, and energetic. No set phrases. Ten lines—an appeal to arms. We are the Law, and there are occasions when the Law should utter a war-cry. The Law outlawing the traitor is a great and terrible thing. Let us do it."

They interrupted me with "Yes, that is right—a proclamation!"

"Dictate! Dictate!"

"Dictate," said Baudin to me; "I will write."

I dictated:

> "TO THE PEOPLE.
>
> "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is a traitor.
> "He has violated the Constitution.
> "He is forsworn.
> "He is an outlaw—"

They cried out to me on every side:

"That is right! Outlaw him!"

"Go on."

I resumed the dictation. Baudin wrote:

> "The Republican Representatives refer the People and the Army to Article 68—"

They interrupted me: "Quote it in full."

"No," said I, "it would be too long. Something is needed which can be placarded on a card, stuck with a wafer, and which can be read in a minute. I will quote Article 110. It is short, and contains the appeal to arms." I resumed:

> "The Republican Representatives refer the People and the Army to Article 68, and to Article 110, which runs thus: 'The Constituent Assembly confides the existing Constitution and the Laws which it consecrates to the keeping and the patriotism of all Frenchmen.'
>
> "The People henceforward and forever in possession of universal suffrage, and who need no Prince for its restitution, will know how to chastise the rebel.
>
> "Let the People do their duty. The Republican Representatives are marching at their head.
>
> "Vive la République! To Arms!"

They applauded.

"Let us all sign," said Pelletier.

"Let us try to find a printing-office without delay," said Schœlcher, "and let the proclamation be posted up immediately."

"Before night-fall—the days are short," added Joigneaux.

"Immediately! immediately! several copies!" called out the Representatives.

Baudin, silent and rapid, had already made a second copy of the Proclamation.

A young man, editor of a provincial Republican journal, came out of the crowd, and declared that, if they would give him a copy at once, before two hours should elapse the Proclamation should be posted at all the street corners in Paris.

I asked him:

"What is your name?"

He answered me:

"Millière."

Millière. It is in this manner that this name made its first appearance in the gloomy days of our History. I can still see that pale young man, that eye at the same time piercing and half closed, that gentle and forbidding profile. Assassination and the Pantheon awaited him. He was too obscure to enter into the Temple; he was sufficiently deserving to die on its threshold. Baudin showed him the copy which he had just made.

Millière went up to him.

"You do not know me," said he. "My name is Millière; but I know you: you are Baudin."

Baudin held out his hand to him.

I was present at the hand-shaking between these two spectres.

Xavier Durrieu, who was editor of the *Révolution*, made the same offer as Millière.

A dozen Representatives took their pens and sat down, some around a table, others with a sheet of paper on their knees, and called out to me, "Dictate the Proclamation to us."

I had dictated to Baudin, "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is a traitor." Jules Favre requested the erasure of the word Napoleon, that name of glory fatally powerful with the People and with the Army, and that there should be written, "Louis Bonaparte is a traitor."

"You are right," said I to him.

A discussion followed. Some wished to strike out the word "Prince." But the Assembly was impatient. "Quick! quick!" they cried out. "We are in December; the days are short," repeated Joigneaux.

Twelve copies were made at the same time in a few minutes. Schœlcher, Rey, Xavier Durrieu, and Millière each took one, and set out in search of a printing-office.

As they went out, a man whom I did not know, but who was greeted by several Representatives, entered, and said: "Citizens, this house is marked. Troops are on the way to surround you. You have not a second to lose."

Numerous voices were raised.

"Very well! Let them arrest us!"

"What does it matter to us?"

"Let them complete their crime."

"Colleagues," said I, "let us not allow ourselves to be arrested. After the struggle, as God pleases; but before the combat—No! It is from us that the people are awaiting the initiative. If we are taken, all is at an end. Our duty is to bring on the battle, our right is to cross swords with the *Coup d'Etat*. It must not be allowed to capture us; it must seek us and not find us. We must deceive the arm which it stretches out against us; we must remain concealed from Bonaparte; we must harass him, weary him, astonish him, exhaust him, disappear and re-appear unceasingly, change our hiding-place, and always fight him, be always before him, and never beneath his hand. Let us not leave the field. We have not numbers, let us have daring."

They approved of this. "It is right," said they; "but where shall we go?"

Labrousse said, "Our former colleague of the Constituent Assembly, Beslay, offers us his house."

"Where does he live?"

"No. 33 Rue de la Cerisaie, in the Marais."

"Very well," answered I; "let us separate. We will meet again in two hours at Beslay's, No. 33 Rue de la Cerisaie."

All left, one after another, and in different directions. I begged Charamaule to go to my house and wait for me there, and I walked out with Noël Parfait and Lafon.

We reached the then still uninhabited district which skirts the ramparts. As we came to the corner of the Rue Pigalle, we saw at a hundred paces from us, in the deserted streets which cross it, soldiers gliding all along the houses, bending their steps toward the Rue Blanche.

At three o'clock the members of the Left rejoined each other in the Rue de la Cerisaie. But the alarm had been given, and the inhabitants of these lonely streets stationed themselves at the windows to see the Representatives pass. The place of meeting, situated and hemmed in at the bottom of a back yard, was badly chosen in the event of being surrounded; all these disadvantages were at once perceived, and the meeting only lasted a few seconds. It was presided over by Joly. Xavier Durrieu and Jules Gouache, who were editors of the *Révolution*, also took part, as well as several Italian exiles, among others, Colonel Carini and Montanelli, ex-Minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. I liked Montanelli—a gentle and dauntless spirit.

Madier de Montjau brought news from the outskirts. Colonel Forestier, without losing and without taking away hope, told them of the obstacles which he had encountered in his attempts to call together the Sixth Legion. He pressed me to sign his appointment as colonel, as well as Michel de Bourges; but Michel de Bourges was absent, and, besides, neither Michel de Bourges nor I had yet at that time the authority from the Left. Nevertheless, under this reservation, I signed his appointment. The perplexities were becoming more and more numerous. The Proclamation was not yet printed, and the evening was closing in. Schœlcher explained the difficulties: all the printing-offices closed and guarded; an order placarded that whoever should print an appeal to arms would be immediately shot; the workmen terrified; no money. A hat was sent round, and each threw into it what money he had about him. They collected in this manner a few hundred francs.

Xavier Durrieu, whose fiery courage never flagged for a single moment, reiterated that he would undertake the printing, and promised that by eight o'clock that evening there should be 40,000 copies of the Proclamation. Time pressed.

They separated, after fixing as a rendezvous the premises of the Society of Cabinet-makers in the Rue de Charonne, at eight o'clock in the evening, so as to allow time for the situation to reveal itself. As we went out and crossed the Rue Beautreillis, I saw Pierre Leroux coming up to me. He had taken no part in our meetings. He said to me:

"I believe this struggle to be useless. Although my point of view is different from yours, I am your friend. Beware. There is yet time to stop. You are entering into the catacombs. The catacombs are Death."

"They are also Life," answered I.

All the same, I thought with joy that my two sons were in prison, and that this gloomy duty of street fighting was imposed upon me alone.

There yet remained five hours until the time fixed for the rendezvous. I wished to go home, and once more embrace my wife and daughter before precipitating myself into that abyss of the "unknown" which was there, yawning and gloomy, and which several of us were about to enter, never to return.

Arnaud (de l'Ariége) gave me his arm. The two Italian exiles, Carini and Montanelli, accompanied me.

Montanelli took my hands and said to me: "Right will conquer. You will conquer. O that this time France will not be selfish as in 1848, and that she may deliver Italy!" I answered him: "She will deliver Europe."

Those were our illusions at that moment, but this, however, does not prevent them from being our hopes to-day. Faith is thus constituted; shadows demonstrate to it the light.

There is a cab stand before the front gate of St. Paul. We went there. The Rue St. Antoine was alive with that indescribable uneasy swarming which precedes those strange battles of ideas against deeds which are called Revolutions. I seemed to catch, in this great working-class district, a glimpse of a gleam of light which, alas! died out speedily. The cab stand before St. Paul was deserted. The drivers had foreseen the possibility of barricades, and had fled.

Three miles separated Arnaud and myself from our houses. It was impossible to walk there through the middle of Paris without being recognized at each step. Two passers-by extricated us from our difficulty. One of them said to the other, "The omnibuses are still running on the Boulevards."

We profited by this information, and went to look for a Bastile omnibus. All four of us got in.

I entertained at heart, I repeat, wrongly or rightly, a bitter reproach for the opportunity lost during the morning. I said to myself that on critical days such moments come, but do not return. There are two theories of Revolution: to arouse the people, or to let them come of themselves. The first theory was mine, but, through force of discipline, I had obeyed the second. I reproached myself with this. I said to myself: "The People offered themselves and we did not accept them. It is for us now not to offer ourselves, but to do more—to give ourselves."

Meanwhile the omnibus had started. It was full. I had taken my place at the bottom on the left; Arnaud (de l'Ariége) sat next to me, Carini opposite, Montanelli next to Arnaud. We did not speak; Arnaud and myself silently exchanged that pressure of hands which is a means of exchanging thoughts.

As the omnibus proceeded toward the centre of Paris, the crowd became denser on the Boulevard. As the omnibus entered into the cutting of the Porte St. Martin, a regiment of heavy cavalry arrived in the opposite direction. In a few seconds this regiment passed by the side of us. They were cuirassiers. They filed by at a sharp trot and with drawn swords. The people leaned over from the height of the pavements to see them pass. Not a single cry. On the one side the people dejected, on the other the soldiers triumphant. All this stirred me.

Suddenly the regiment halted. I do not know what obstruction momentarily impeded its advance in this narrow cutting of the Boulevard in which we were hemmed in. By its halt it stopped the omnibus. There were the soldiers. We had them under our eyes, before us, at two paces' distance, their horses touching the horses of our vehicle, these Frenchmen who had become Mamelukes, these citizen soldiers of the great Republic transformed into supporters of the degraded Empire. From the place where I sat I almost touched them. I could no longer restrain myself.

I lowered the window of the omnibus. I put out my head, and, looking fixedly at the dense line of soldiers which faced me, I cried out, "Down with Louis Bonaparte. Those who serve traitors are traitors!"

Those nearest to me turned their heads toward me and looked at me with a tipsy air; the others did not stir, and remained at "shoulder arms," the peaks of their helmets over their eyes, their eyes fixed upon the ears of their horses.

In great affairs there is the immobility of statues; in petty, mean affairs there is the immobility of puppets.

At the shout which I raised Arnaud turned sharply round. He also had lowered his window, and he was leaning half out of the omnibus, with his arms extended toward the soldiers, and he shouted, "Down with the traitors!"

To see him thus, with his dauntless gesture, his handsome head, pale and calm, his fervent expression, his beard and his long chestnut hair, one seemed to behold the radiant and fulminating face of an angry Christ.

The example was contagious and electrical.

"Down with the traitors!" shouted Carini and Montanelli.

"Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!" repeated a gallant young man with whom we were not acquainted, and who was sitting next to Carini.

With the exception of this young man, the whole omnibus seemed seized with terror.

"Hold your tongues!" exclaimed these poor frightened people; "you will cause us all to be massacred." One, still more terrified, lowered the window, and began to shout to the soldiers, "Long live Prince Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!"

There were five of us, and we overpowered this cry by our persistent protest, "Down with Louis Bonaparte! Down with the traitors!"

The soldiers listened in gloomy silence. A corporal turned with a threatening air toward us, and shook his sword. The crowd looked on in bewilderment.

What passed within me at that moment? I can not tell. I was in a whirlwind. I had at the same time yielded to a calculation, finding the opportunity good, and to a burst of rage, finding the encounter insolent.

A woman cried out to us from the pavement, "You will get yourselves cut to pieces." I vaguely imagined that some collision was about to ensue, and that, either from the crowd or from the Army, the spark would fly out. I hoped for a sword cut from the soldiers or a shout of anger from the people. In short, I had obeyed rather an instinct than an idea.

But nothing came of it, neither the sword cut nor the shout of anger. The soldiers did not bestir themselves, and the people maintained silence. Was it too late? Was it too soon?

The mysterious man of the Élysée had not foreseen the event of an insult to his name being thrown in the very face of the soldiers. The soldiers had no orders. They received them that evening. This was seen on the morrow.

In another moment the regiment broke into a gallop, and the omnibus resumed its journey. As the cuirassiers filed past us, Arnaud (de l'Ariége), still leaning out of the vehicle, continued to shout in their ears, for, as I have just said, their horses touched us: "Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!"

We alighted in the Rue Lafitte. Carini, Montanelli, and Arnaud left me, and I went on alone toward the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne. Night was coming on. As I turned the corner of the street a man passed close by me. By the light of a street lamp I recognized a workman at a neighboring tannery, and he said to me, in a low tone, and quickly, "Do not return home. The police surround your house."

I went back again toward the Boulevard, through the streets laid out, but not then built, which make a Y under my windows behind my house. Not being able to embrace my wife and daughter, I thought over what I could do during the moments which remained to me. A remembrance came into my mind.

XVII.

THE REBOUND OF THE 24TH JUNE, 1848, ON THE 2D DECEMBER, 1851.

On Sunday, 26th June, 1848, that four days' combat, that gigantic combat so formidable and so heroic on both sides, still continued, but the insurrection had been overcome nearly every where, and restricted to the Faubourg St. Antoine. Four men who had been among the most dauntless defenders of the barricades of the Rue Pont-aux-Choux, of the Rue St. Claude, and of the Rue St. Louis in the Marais, escaped after the barricades had been taken, and found safe refuge in a house, No. 12 Rue St. Anastase. They were concealed in an attic. The National Guards and the Mobile Guards were hunting for them in order to shoot them. I was told of this. I was one of the sixty Representatives sent by the Constituent Assembly into the middle of the conflict, charged with the task of every where preceding the attacking column, of carrying, even at the peril of their lives, words of peace to the barricades, to prevent the shedding of blood, and to stop the civil war. I went into the Rue St. Anastase, and I saved the lives of those four men.

Among those men there was a poor workman of the Rue de Charonne, whose wife was being confined at that very moment, and who was weeping. One could understand, when hearing his sobs and seeing his rags, how he had cleared with a single bound these three steps—poverty, despair, rebellion. Their chief was a young man, pale and fair, with high cheek-bones, intelligent brow, and an earnest and resolute countenance. As soon as I set him free, and told him my name, he also wept. He said to me, "When I think that an hour ago I knew that you were facing us, and that I wished that the barrel of my gun had eyes to see and kill you!" He added, "In the times in which we live we do not know what may happen. If ever you need me, for whatever purpose, come." His name was Auguste, and he was a wine-seller in the Rue de la Roquette.

Since that time I had only seen him once, on the 26th August, 1849, on the day when I held the corner of Balzac's pall. The funeral procession was going to Père la Chaise. Auguste's shop was on the way. All the streets through which the procession passed were crowded. Auguste was at his door with his young wife and two or three workmen. As I passed he greeted me.

It was this remembrance which came back to my mind as I descended the lonely streets behind my house; in the presence of the 2d of December I thought of him. I thought that he might give me information about the Faubourg St. Antoine, and help us in rousing the people. This young man had at once given me the impression of a soldier and a leader. I remembered the words which he had spoken to me, and I considered it might be useful to see him. I began by going to find in the Rue St. Anastase the courageous woman who had hidden Auguste and his three companions, to whom she had several times since rendered assistance. I begged her to accompany me. She consented.

On the way I dined upon a cake of chocolate which Charamaule had given me.

The aspect of the boulevards, in coming down the Italiens toward the Marais, had impressed me. The shops were open every where as usual. There was little military display. In the wealthy quarters there was much agitation and concentration of troops; but on advancing toward the working-class neighborhoods solitude reigned paramount. Before the Café Turc a regiment was drawn up. A band of young men in blouses passed before the regiment singing the "Marseillaise." I answered them by crying out, "To Arms!" The regiment did not stir. The light shone upon the play-bills on an adjacent wall; the theatres were open. I looked at the bills as I passed. They were playing *Hernani* at the Théâtre des Italiens, with a new tenor named Guasco.

The Place de la Bastile was frequented, as usual, by goers and comers, the most peaceable folk in the world. A few workmen grouped round the July Column, and, chatting in a low voice, were scarcely noticeable. Through the windows of a wine shop could be seen two men who were disputing for and against the *Coup d'État*. He who favored it wore a blouse, he who attacked it wore a cloth coat. A few steps further on a juggler had placed between four candles his X-shaped table, and was displaying his conjuring tricks in the midst of a crowd, who were evidently thinking only of the juggler. On looking toward the gloomy loneliness of the Quai Mazas several harnessed artillery batteries were dimly visible in the darkness. Some lighted torches here and there showed up the black outline of the cannons.

I had some trouble in finding Auguste's door in the Rue de la Roquette. Nearly all the shops were shut, thus making the street very dark. At length through a glass shop front I noticed a light which gleamed on a pewter counter. Beyond the counter, through a partition also of glass, and ornamented with white curtains, another light, and the shadows of two or three men at table could be vaguely distinguished. This was the place.

I entered. The door on opening rang a bell. At the sound, the door of the glazed partition which separated the shop from the parlor opened, and Auguste appeared.

He knew me at once, and came up to me.

"Ah, Sir," said he, "it is you!"

"Do you know what is going on?" I asked him.

"Yes, Sir."

This "Yes, Sir," uttered with calmness, and even with a certain embarrassment, told me all. Where I expected an indignant outcry, I found this peaceable answer. It seemed to me that I was speaking to the Faubourg St. Antoine itself. I understood that all was at an end in this district, and that we had nothing to expect from it. The people, this wonderful people, had resigned themselves. Nevertheless, I made an effort.

"Louis Bonaparte betrays the Republic," said I, without noticing that I raised my voice.

He touched my arm, and pointing with his finger to the shadows which were pictured on the glazed partition of the parlor, "Take care, Sir, do not talk so loudly."

"What!" I exclaimed, "you have come to this—you dare not speak, you dare not utter the name of 'Bonaparte' aloud; you barely mumble a few words in a whisper here, in this street, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where, from all the doors, from all the windows, from all the pavements, from all the very stones, ought to be heard the cry, 'To Arms!'"

Auguste demonstrated to me what I already saw too clearly, and what Girard had shadowed forth in the morning—the moral situation of the Faubourg; that the people were "dazed;" that it seemed to all of them that universal suffrage was restored; that the downfall of the law of the 31st of May was a good thing.

Here I interrupted him:

"But this law of the 31st of May, it was Louis Bonaparte who instigated it, it was Rouher who made it, it was Baroche who proposed it, and the Bonapartists who voted it. You are dazzled by a thief who has taken your purse and who restores it to you."

"Not I," said Auguste, "but the others."

And he continued: "To tell the whole truth, people did not care much for the Constitution—they liked the Republic, but the Republic was maintained too much by force for their taste. In all this they could only see one thing clearly—the cannons ready to slaughter them; they remembered June, 1848; there were some people who had suffered greatly; Cavaignac had done much evil; women clung to the men's blouses to prevent them from going to the barricades. Nevertheless, with all this, when seeing men like ourselves at their head, they would perhaps fight, but this hindered them—they did not know for what." He concluded by saying: "The upper part of the Faubourg is doing nothing, the lower end will do better. Round about here they will fight. The Rue de la Roquette is good, the Rue de Charonne is good; but on the side of Père la Chaise they ask, 'What good will that do us?' They only recognize the forty sous of their day's work. They will not bestir themselves; do not reckon upon the masons." He added, with a smile: "Here we do not say 'cold as a stone,' but 'cold as a mason;'" and he resumed: "As for me, if I am alive, it is to you that I owe my life. Dispose of me. I will lay down my life, and will do what you wish."

While he was speaking, I saw the white curtain of the glazed partition behind him move a little. His young wife, uneasy, was peeping through at us.

"Ah, my God!" said I to him, "what we want is not the life of one man, but the efforts of all."

He was silent. I continued:

"Listen to me, Auguste, you who are good and intelligent. So, then, the Faubourgs of Paris, which are heroes even when they err—the Faubourgs of Paris, for a misunderstanding, for a question of salary wrongly construed, for a bad definition of socialism, rose in June, 1848, against the Assembly elected by themselves, against universal suffrage, against their own vote; and yet they will not rise in December, 1851, for Right, for the Law, for the People, for Liberty, for the Republic. You say that there is perplexity, and that you do not understand; but, on the contrary, it was in June that all was obscure, and it is to-day that every thing is clear."

While I was saying these last words the door of the parlor was softly opened, and some one came in. It was a young man, fair as Auguste, in an overcoat, and wearing a workman's cap. I started. Auguste turned round and said to me, "You can trust him."

The young man took off his cap, came close up to me, carefully turning his back on the glazed partition, and said to me, in a low voice, "I know you well. I was on the Boulevard du Temple to-day. We asked you what we were to do; you said, 'We must take up arms.' Well, here they are!"

He thrust his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and drew out two pistols.

Almost at the same moment the bell of the street door sounded. He hurriedly put his pistols back into his pockets. A man in a blouse came in, a workman of some fifty years. This man, without looking at any one, without saying any thing, threw down a piece of money on the counter. Auguste took a small glass and filled it with brandy. The man drank it off, put down the glass upon the counter, and went away.

When the door was shut: "You see," said Auguste to me, "they drink, they eat, they sleep, they think of nothing. Such are they all."

The other interrupted him impetuously: "One man is not the People."

And, turning toward me:

"Citizen Victor Hugo, they will march forward. If all do not march, some will march. To tell the truth, it is perhaps not here that a beginning should be made; it is on the other side of the water."

And suddenly checking himself:

"After all, you probably do not know my name."

He took a little pocket-book from his pocket, tore out a piece of paper, wrote on it his name, and gave it to me. I regret having forgotten that name. He was a working engineer. In order not to compromise him, I burned this paper with many others on the Saturday morning when I was on the point of being arrested.

"It is true, Sir," said Auguste; "you must not judge badly of the Faubourg. As my friend has said, it will perhaps not be the first to begin; but if there is a rising, it will rise."

I exclaimed: "And who would you have erect, if the Faubourg St. Antoine be prostrate! Who will be alive, if the People be dead!"

The engineer went to the street door, made certain that it was well shut, then came back, and said:

"There are many men ready and willing. It is the leaders who are wanting. Listen, Citizen Victor Hugo; I can say this to you, and," he added, lowering his voice, "I hope for a movement to-night."

"Where?"

"On the Faubourg St. Marceau."

"At what time?"

"At one o'clock."

"How do you know it?"

"Because I shall be there."

He continued: "Now, Citizen Victor Hugo, if a movement takes place to-night in the Faubourg St. Marceau, will you head it? Do you consent?"

"Yes."

"Have you your scarf of office?"

I half drew it out of my pocket. His eyes glistened with joy.

"Excellent," said he. "The citizen has his pistols, the Representative his scarf. All are armed."

I questioned him: "Are you sure of your movement for to-night?"

He answered me: "We have prepared it, and we reckon to be there."

"In that case," said I, "as soon as the first barricade is constructed I will be behind it. Come and fetch me."

"Where?"

"Wherever I may be."

He assured me that if the movement should take place during the night, he would know it at half past ten that evening at the latest, and that I should be informed of it before eleven o'clock. We settled that in whatever place I might be at that hour, I would send word to Auguste, who undertook to let him know.

The young woman continued to peep out at us. The conversation was growing prolonged, and might seem singular to the people in the parlor. "I am going," said I to Auguste.

I had opened the door. He took my hand, pressed it as a woman might have done, and said to me, in a deeply moved tone, "You are going: will you come back?"

"I do not know."

"It is true," said he. "No one knows what is going to happen. Well, you are perhaps going to be hunted and sought for as I have been. It will perhaps be your turn to be shot, and mine to save you. You know the mouse may sometimes prove useful to the lion. Monsieur Victor Hugo, if you need a refuge, this house is yours. Come here. You will find a bed where you can sleep, and a man who will lay down his life for you."

I thanked him by a hearty shake of the hand, and I left. Eight o'clock struck. I hastened toward the Rue de Charonne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HARVEST SONG.

When roses were budding, and clover was sweet,
And the grasses were cool, and long, and green,
There was laughter and song with the hay-maker's feet,
And labor went merrily on between;
Till the hay was gathered from every lea,
And the babbling brooks ran to tell the sea,
"The hay is home!"

When the wheat was yellow in all the land,
Then glad was the earth with the harvest cry;
And the heart kept tune with the binding hand—
Kept tune with the sheaves piled up so high,
With the loaded wains, and the full barn's glee,
While the babbling brooks ran to tell the sea,
"The wheat is home."

And under the vines in the sunny lands,
What singing and laughing from morn to night!
What beating of feet and clapping of hands
When the grapes were gathered—the purple and white!
When the grapes were ripe and the wine trod free,
Then the babbling brook ran to tell the sea,
"The wine is home."

In the cool sweet shades where the apples grow,
Under the sun where the canes turn sweet,
Far in the cotton fields white as snow,
Down in the swamps where the rice is beat—
There's never a land in the wide world free
Where the babbling brooks have not told the sea,
"The harvest's home."

Then arise and sing! Take the sounding lyre;
Let a grateful hymn from the nations rise;
Let the winds and seas with the music quire,
In a shout of joy that shall cleave the skies:
"*Full are our hearts, and our barns, and our hands,*
Glory to God for the bountiful lands!
The wine, and the wheat, and the sweet honey-comb!
Glory to God, for the harvest is home!
The harvest is home!"

CHICKEN-HATCHING.

Chicken hatching and raising by artificial means is a comparatively new branch of industry in the United States, although it was long ago carried on successfully in China, Egypt, and other Eastern countries. Here it has many difficulties to contend with, arising chiefly from our variable climate. In the hatching houses the eggs must have a uniform heat, always of the requisite degree, while to rear the young broods an artificial summer must be created and maintained.

An enterprising American, Mr. W. C. Baker, has apparently succeeded in overcoming these difficulties to such an extent that he may count with tolerable certainty upon being able to furnish young chickens for the market in every season of the year. The buildings and appliances for this new enterprise, represented in our illustrations on page 980, are located near Mr. Baker's residence on the Palisades, near Cresskill, New Jersey. The hatching house is a building 25 by 50 feet on the sides, and two stories high, besides the attic and cellar. In the latter are placed the hot water and steam boilers—the first to supply heat for incubation, the second to pump water into a large tank in the attic, whence it is distributed over the premises through iron pipes. On the first floor of this building are the keepers' apartments, and part of the machinery for making gas for lighting all the buildings on the grounds. On the second floor are the room containing the "incubators," the office, the attendants' sleeping-rooms, and the electric batteries which furnish the means for controlling the temperature about the eggs, and by which an alarm is given should the air become too hot or too cold.

The incubators consist of eight shallow water tanks of galvanized iron, kept at the proper temperature by means of electricity, the current of which is governed by thermostats placed in the water, and acting upon dampers which let on or exclude the heat from the boiler-room according as the temperature varies. Close under each of these tanks are placed eight pans, also of galvanized iron. These pans are two inches deep. Each will hold eighty eggs. Thus the capacity of these machines is 5120 eggs at once, or, if constantly running, and allowing the natural period of incubation (twenty-one days) for each batch, 87,000 yearly.

When the eggs have been in the incubators four days, they are examined by holding them before a brilliant concentrated light. The eggs that are "clean"—that is, unfertile—are as good as when first laid; the addled eggs are at once cooked for chicken food, while the fertile eggs are returned to the pans for the remaining period of incubation. The treatment of the eggs is as nearly as possible in imitation of the natural process of hatching. From one-half to two-thirds of the eggs thus artificially treated produce healthy chickens.

When they first emerge from the shell the chickens are as wet as though they had been immersed in water. They are at once placed in less shallow pans, where they are kept for a few hours, until dry, when they are removed to the "boarding-house." This is a glass building, 150 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 16 feet high in the centre. Here are twenty-five oval-shaped tanks, 10 feet long, 20 inches wide, and 6 deep, the under side of which is covered with flannel in folds, for the chickens to nestle against for warmth and rest. These tanks are filled with heated water, and serve the double purpose of brooding the chickens and keeping the building warm. Here may be seen flowers, vegetables, lettuces, and other tender green food for the nourishment of the infant poultry. On one side of each of these brooding tanks are two yards, about six by ten feet each, separated from each other by wire-cloth fences. In each of these yards are placed 100 of the newly hatched chickens, at full liberty to scratch the ground, pick insects from the plants, or run under the "brooders." When about three weeks old, the chickens are removed to the "hennery," a part of which is moderatly heated. There they remain for about four weeks, or until ready for the market.

The attempt to raise large numbers of chickens by artificial means has hitherto met with scanty success, which may be ascribed principally to lack of scientific knowledge, as well as neglect on the part of the persons engaged in the undertaking to attend thoroughly to the cleanliness of the premises and the wants of the chickens, both young and old. Mr. Baker keeps no laying hens, depending entirely upon others for his supply of eggs, some of which are shipped to him from far Western States.

Mr. Baker has also adopted the French forcing process for fattening chickens for the table. For this purpose he has constructed eight cylindrical houses, or *épinettes*, with five tiers of little stalls, one above another, so ingeniously contrived as to be kept constantly clean. Each fowl has a stall to itself, and is held in its place by a soft leather strap round both legs, arranged so as to slide easily up and down on side stanchions, allowing sufficient freedom of motion for ease and health. The food, consisting of barley flour and Indian meal, mixed with water to a thin porridge, is prepared in a tank, to which is attached a flexible tube with a smooth silver mouth-piece. The attendant takes the fowl by the head with his left hand, and by a gentle pressure forces open the mouth, into which the nozzle of the feeding tube is inserted. By pressing his foot on the lever of a pump connected with the tank, the prepared food is forced into the creature's crop. Care must be taken not to overtax the capacity of the food receptacle. The cylinders are made to revolve, so that each fowl is brought successively to the assistant's stand, which, by means of a crank, is raised to any desired height.

It is claimed that the flesh of fowls fattened by this process is more tender and delicate than that of fowls allowed to pick up their living about barn-yards and fields, and that even tough old customers that are popularly supposed to have "come out of the ark" may be rendered fit for the table of an epicure by being submitted to this treatment.

Thus it appears that while the domestic "Biddy" shivers through the bleak winter nights in the cold barn-yard sheds, the chickens raised in large establishments like Mr. Baker's enjoy a delightful summer climate, secure from all changes of weather. The comparative ease with which the establishment is managed, the cheapness and reliableness of the process, and the assured profits of the enterprise, will doubtless lead to a great increase in this branch of industry. We shall then enjoy the luxury of "spring chicken" all the year round, and brought within the means of all. From this point of view Mr. Baker's establishment ceases to be a merely private enterprise, and becomes a public benefaction.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is well known that within the last few years much has been done in the way of propagating salmon both of the Atlantic and Pacific in American waters, the effort, however, being an experiment, and requiring time to prove its success. The period of four years is usually assigned as that required for the embryonic fish to reach maturity, and as this period arrived, the attention of fish-culturists and others interested in the subject was very naturally aroused.

So far as the Delaware River is concerned, the first introduction of the Eastern salmon took place in the summer of 1871, when, the eggs having been obtained in Canada for the purpose, a few thousand fish were planted, but they were in such feeble health that probably none survived.

A second and more successful experiment was made in 1872. In 1873 an additional supply was planted in the Delaware near Easton, these having been obtained from the United States salmon-hatching establishment at Bucksport, in Maine.

On the 15th of November, 1877, a fish was noticed in the Bushkill, a tributary of the Delaware, at Easton, which, by its large size and unusual motions, attracted attention, and after many efforts for its capture it was killed by a rifle-ball and secured. On examination this proved to be a female salmon, apparently about to lay her eggs, as these were fully ripe, and escaped from the abdomen at the slightest pressure.

It was presented to Mr. Howard J. Reeder, the energetic Fish Commissioner of Pennsylvania, who forwarded it for identification to Professor Baird, the United States Commissioner, by whom it was pronounced to be the Eastern or Atlantic salmon. It evidently belongs to the spawning of either 1871, 1872, or 1873, possibly to the latter, as this would represent the four years period required for maturity. The fish in question measured thirty-two inches in length, the head six and a quarter inches, and the circumference at the dorsal fin fifteen inches.

Advices from the Howgate arctic expedition have been received up to the date of October 2, at which time the vessel had reached Niantitik Harbor, in the Cumberland Gulf. The passage of forty-three days from New London had been very stormy, but, as far as reported, without any disaster.

Mr. L. Kumlein, the naturalist of the party, had gathered some specimens, but did not find the promise of suitable collecting ground in the immediate vicinity very good. He hoped, however, to change his quarters to a better location.

The death of Professor Leverrier, which took place not long ago, has been followed by that of his widow, on the 1st of November, at the age of fifty-eight.

Mr. Samuel Wilmot, in charge of the Canadian salmon fishery at Ontario, to whom eggs of the California salmon have been sent from the M'Cloud River, writes, under date of the 22d of October, that, from their rapidity of growth, and their taking almost any kind of food, he thinks they are destined to outdo the native salmon, especially in those waters which of late years have, from the clearing off of the face of the country, become so much elevated in temperature.

As the result of several experiments, he finds that the California salmon thrive where the Ontario salmon die, this being especially the case in ponds where the water is sluggish and of high temperature. At the time of writing there were several California salmon below his reception-house, in Newcastle Creek, weighing six or seven pounds each. These resulted from the young fry spawned in 1873, and turned out in the spring of 1874, and are probably males; others have been seen of smaller size. One specimen observed early in the season weighed nine pounds.

Professor Cope recently announced the discovery by Mr. C. M. Wheatley, in the trias of Pennsylvania, of a large saurian, which he named *Palæoctonus appalachianus*. Since that time Mr. Wheatley has obtained material which demonstrates that the reptilian life of that period in the East was rich in types. This consists of teeth of two other individuals of the saurian named and teeth of six other species. Two of these, the *Belodon priscus* and *B. carolinensis*, had been previously known, while the others, of larger proportions, are new to science. They have been named by Professor Cope, *Clepsysaurus veatlianus*, *Suchoprion cyphodon*, and *Palæoctonus aulacodus*.

Professor Oppenheim, an eminent German chemist, died in September last, having, it is said, committed suicide in consequence of the death of a beloved wife. He is well known in connection with researches in organic chemistry; and he had just been appointed to the chair of chemistry in the University of Münster, in Westphalia.

No little interest has lately been excited among toxicologists by accounts of plants abounding in Texas, Colorado, and California, and known as "loco," from their causing a disease called "loco" in animals feeding upon them. The domestic animals, once familiarized with this plant, eat it with great eagerness, apparently become demented, and waste away, while still having an increasing fondness for it, as in the case of the opium mania in man. Singularly enough, it has been ascertained that the species to which these noxious qualities are to be ascribed belong to the order Leguminosæ, of which the pea and bean are familiar members—a group hitherto supposed to be perfectly harmless.

The offender in Southern Colorado is the *Oxytropis lamberti;* in California it is a species of *Astragalus;* in Texas it is the *Sophora speciosa*.

Specimens of this latter plant were submitted to Professor H. C. Wood by the Smithsonian Institution for investigation, and he finds in it a new alkaloid, which he calls sophoria, having an effect not unlike that of the Calabar bean, which the Indians of Texas use to produce intoxication lasting from two to three days. Half a bean, it is said, will cause this effect, and a whole one may lead to dangerous symptoms. As the difference between a poison and a remedy is usually one of degree only, it is not improbable that the alkaloids in the loco plant will before long be found to constitute an important article of the materia medica.

William Gurley, of Danville, Illinois, has recently added some interesting species to those already known to occur in the bone bed discovered by Mr. J. C. Winslow. Such are two new species of *Cricotus* (Cope) and an allied new genus *Lycoraphus* (Cope). A second new genus is said to be allied to the salamanders, and is called *Diplocaulus*. Mr. Gurley finds also a new *Ctenodus*, *Orthacanthus*, etc.

Professors Jordan and Brayton, in the course of a recent investigation into the ichthyology of the rivers in Georgia, discovered a new genus of sucker, characterized by the possession of a peculiar form of harelip, and which they call *Logochila*, or harelip sucker.

Professor Nordenskjöld is still occupied with the preparations for his voyage of exploration along the north coast of Europe and Asia, to be commenced next summer, and to be continued into Behring Straits, and homeward by the coast of America. The steamer has been purchased for the expedition, and the greater portion of the cost, as in previous enterprises, will be defrayed by King Oscar and Mr. Dickson, of Gothenburg. It is to be hoped that this expedition will be more successful than the vessel of Captain Higgins, the *Thames*, which, after wintering at Yenisei, grounded at the mouth of the river on starting, and has not yet been floated. Unfortunately a large part of the collections of Mr. Seebohm, the well-known English naturalist, who accompanied the expedition, had to be thrown overboard.

Decauville has recently patented a portable tram-way, which promises to be of great service in facilitating the movement of heavy or bulky masses in connection with agricultural, engineering, and other operations. This tram-way is of sixteen inches gauge, and is made in sections sixteen feet in length, the two rails, properly combined, weighing only one hundred pounds, being light enough to be carried easily by one man. When the soil is soft, these are laid on wooden sleepers; otherwise they can be applied directly to the ground. Suitable devices are adopted to connect these rails so as to keep the cars or trucks on the track, and they can be laid with such facility that, when used for a temporary purpose only, three or four men can shift them almost as quickly as a horse can walk. A steam-locomotive is being constructed for use on one of these tram-ways, to weigh only 2500 pounds, with water, coal, and driver.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, was in the habit of proposing on festive occasions a certain young lady as his toast. Having abandoned the practice, he was asked for a reason. "Because," said he, "I have toasted her for sixteen years, without being able to make her *brown*, and so I've resolved to toast her no longer."

Those young ladies at fairs who sell five-cent pin-cushions for three dollars ought to be arrested for robbing the males.

"Let us go out to gather autumn leaves," he said; and they went out together.

"Foregoes" was the word put out at a written spelling exercise by one of our city teachers recently. And one little boy handed in, "Go, go, go, go."

Some Indians use scalping knives of tortoise-shell, probably on account of the old fable in which the tortoise was alleged to have got away with the hare.

A Belle's Opinion concerning Mars.—"Dear me! is it possible?—two moons? What a nice place to meet one by two moonslight alone."

A person who had been listening to a very dull address remarked that every thing went off well—especially the audience.

A correspondent, whose colored servant asks for frequent leave of absence, says she is the most inveterate Dinah out he ever knew.

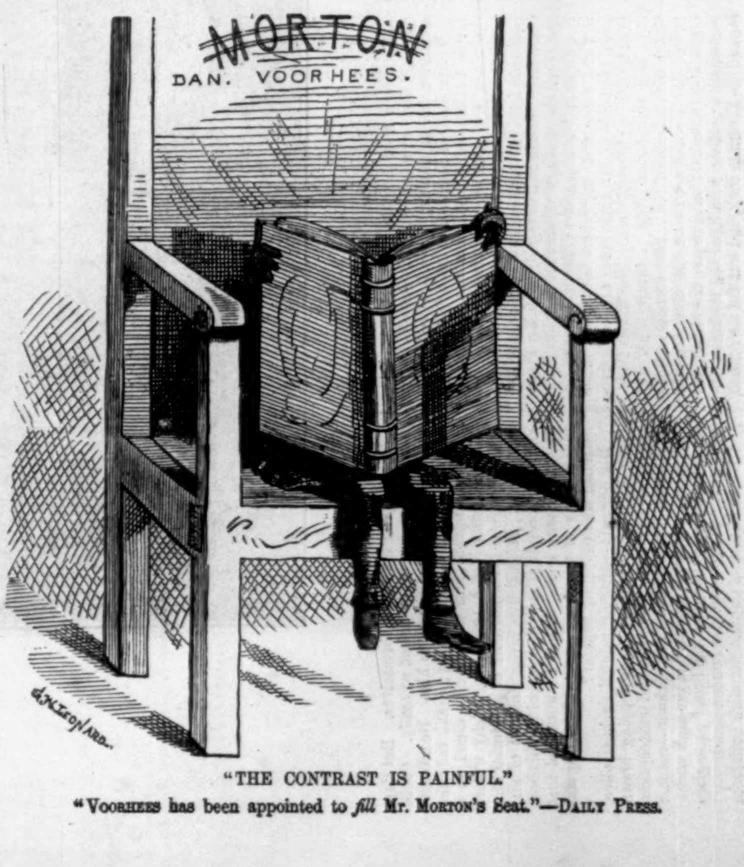
A late minister of Biggar, who was a reader in the pulpit, closed his discourse with the words, "I add no more." "Because ye canna," exclaimed an old woman from her pew.

A country fellow went one night to see his sweetheart, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, snow beginning to fall heavily, he told her that his father's sheep would be lost. "Well," said she, kindly taking him by the hand, "I'll take one of them."

A suitable Site for Cleopatra's Needle—Threadneedle Street, London, opposite the Royal Exchange.

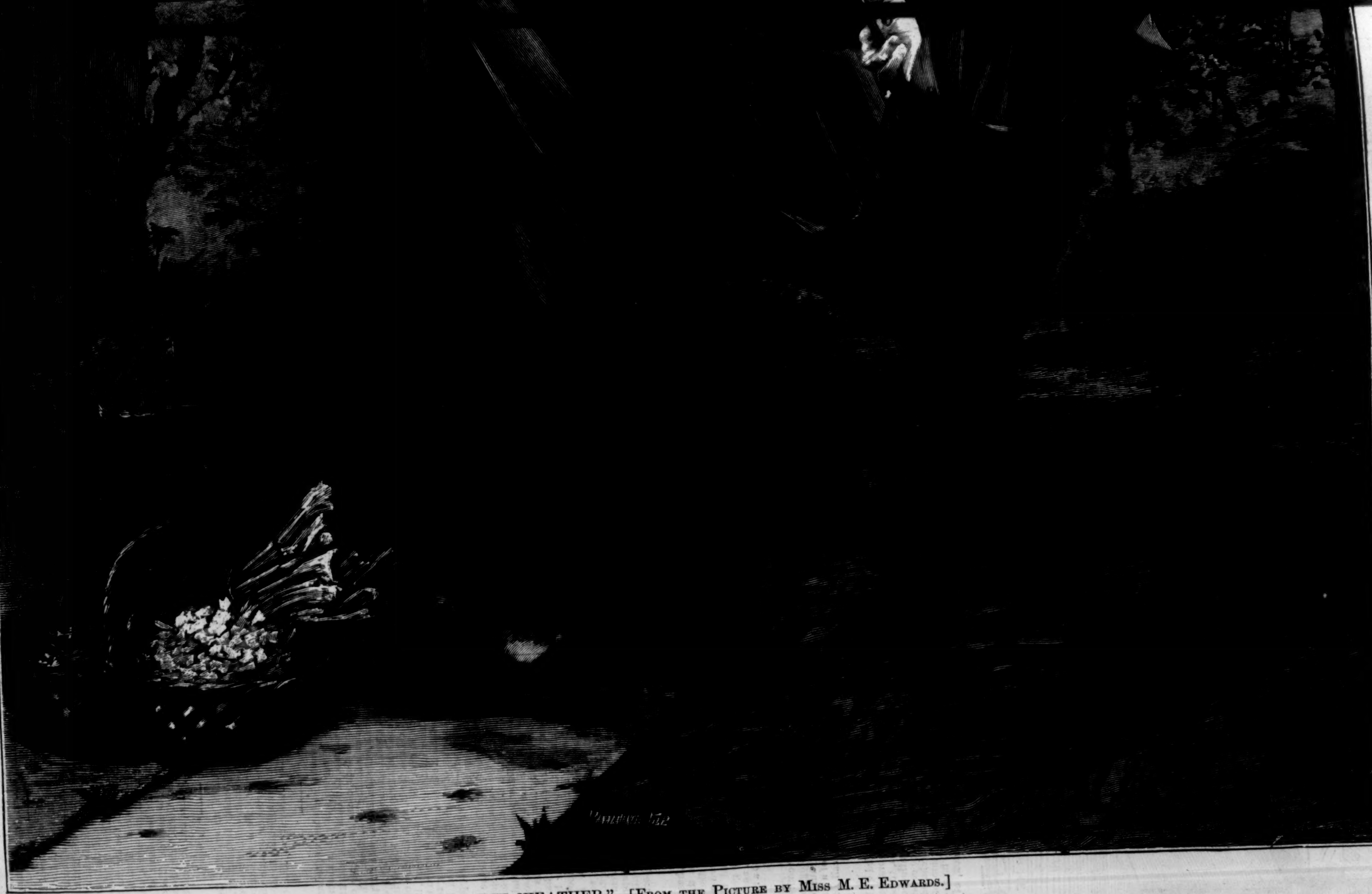
A man fooled into buying a pinchbeck watch called it Faith, because it was without works, and therefore dead.

The Quaker's Address to his Watch-Maker.—"I hereby send thee my pocket clock, which standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time it was at thy friendly school it was in no way benefited or profited thereby, for I perceive by the index of its mind that it is a liar, and the truth is not in it. Purge it, therefore, I beseech thee, and correct it from the error of its ways, and show it the path wherein it should go; and when thou layest thy correcting hand upon it, see that it be without passion, lest thou shouldst drive it to destruction; and when thou seest it conformable to the above-mentioned rules, send it home to me with a just and true bill, drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and I will remit it to thee in the root of all evil."


~~MORTON~~
DAN. VOORHEES.
A. H. LEONARD.

"THE CONTRAST IS PAINFUL."

"Voorhees has been appointed to *fill* Mr. Morton's Seat."—Daily Press.



"RAINY WEATHER."—[From the Picture by Miss M. E. Edwards.]

"RAINY WEATHER."

What were the world if sunshine
Were the only weather we knew?
If old Sol were always smiling,
And the skies forever were blue?
Why, then we'd long for a tempest—
The strength of the storm-king bold,
The yellow gleam of the lightning,
And Boreas grim and old.

What were the breath of summer
If never athwart the sky
We could watch the fleecy cloudlets
In their myriad shapes go by?
We'd long for the ghostly shadows
When, soft and mellow and gray,
Trailing her misty garments,
The rain creeps up the bay.

What were the smile of beauty
If it shone with lustre on,
Never a thought of changing,
Brighter at eve than dawn?
We'd gaze at the fadeless splendor
And fancy the world less drear
If only that endless shining
Were sometimes dimmed by a tear.

And what should we do if Phillis
Were never caught by the rain,
When somebody waits to meet her
At the foot of the narrow lane?
We'd miss the puzzled glances,
The droop of that merry pout,
When under her wide umbrella
The dainty maid sets out.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER L.—(*Continued.*)

CAPTAIN STANDISH.

"You really must let me ride over some morning and give you a good long lesson. It excruciates me to see those three Porkman Gorgons getting the best of it in this way."

That was what Captain Standish was bending down to say, with that air of grave reverence which from the distance looked tender. He was not brilliant in conversation. His talent had all gone into field-sport and manly accomplishments, from fox-hunting, hammer-throwing, cricket, billiards, down to skittles. He could give any man odds at these. It was astonishing what respect he won from his fellow-men on account of this gift. Had he been a second Newton or Herschel, he could not have carried things with a higher hand, or more keenly felt his superiority to the ruck of mankind.

Then, again, he had that calm sense of ascendency which distinguishes the man who has never been in want of money. You can see it in his looks. There was the tranquil arrogance of a being who has never shivered at the rap of a dun, or quailed at opening a lawyer's letter, or been politely reminded by his banker that his account was overdrawn.

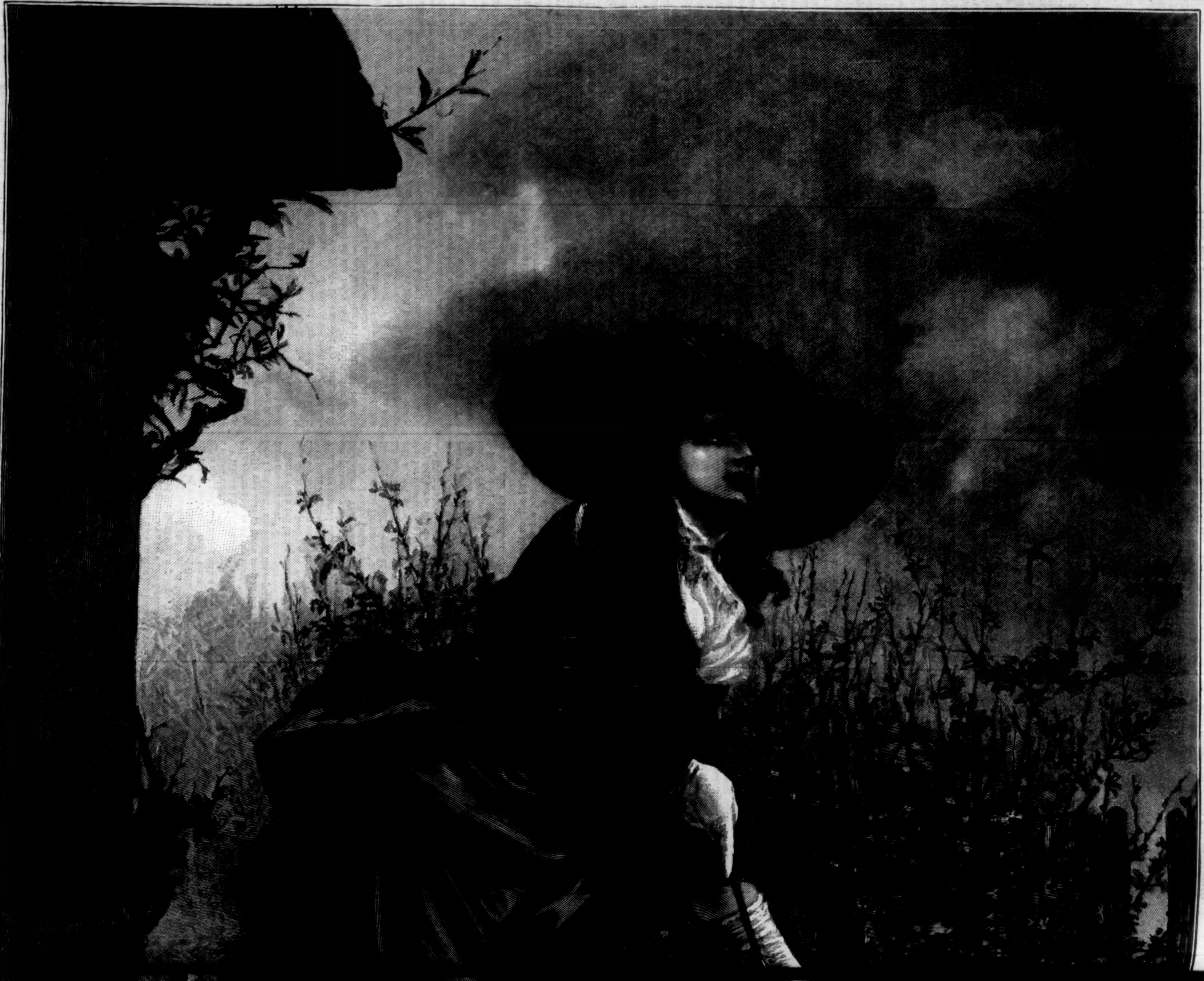
"You must really allow me to teach you," pleaded Captain Standish. "I used to win prizes at this kind of thing when I was a lad."

His words were humble enough, but his tone meant, "You ought to be intensely grateful for my condescension in offering you such a privilege."

It was Captain Standish's first appearance at Little Yafford Park, and Bella was fluttered by the triumph of getting him there—at last. His brother officers had come very often, from the blue-nosed colonel to the callow cornets, and had eaten and drunken and been jolly with Mr. Piper, and voted the whole establishment "capital fun." But Captain Standish was a different order of being, and never went any where till he had made people sensible of his importance and exclusiveness by holding himself aloof. The Misses Porkman and the Misses Wigzell rarely went any where without one of the callow cornets in their train. Mr. Porkman was on the most familiar terms with Colonel O'Shaughnessy, the blue-nosed commanding officer, who liked the Porkman cellar and the Porkman cook, and was not too refined to tolerate the Porkmans themselves. But Captain Standish was not to be had so easily. Cooks and cellars were indifferent to him. He affected a Spartan simplicity in his diet; drank only the driest champagne, and that rarely; dined on a slice of mutton and a tumbler of Vichy water; frankly avowed his abhorrence of provincial dinner parties; refused five invitations out of six, and after accepting the sixth, disappointed his host at the eleventh hour. Can it be wondered that in a society of newly rich provincials, Captain Standish was eminently popular?

His dog-cart—severely painted darkest olive, black harness, no plating, high-stepping brown horse; neat groom in olive livery and unexceptionable boots, plain black hat and cockade—made a sensation whenever it appeared in the high street, or flashed, meteor-like, past the broad plate-glass windows of the villas on the London Road.

Bella had heard of Captain Standish both from



his brother officers and from the outside world, until she knew his excellences and accomplishments by heart. She was inspired with the same desire to cultivate his acquaintance which agitated feminine society in the brand-new Granges, Moats, and Manors round Great Yafford. The Porkmans had met him at a fancy ball, where he had stood out from the tinseled King Charleses and the spangled Black Princes, and the theatrical Brigands and Troubadours, in the actual dress of a Spanish bull-fighter. He had once accepted an invitation to dine at the Porkmans', had disappointed them at the last moment, and had called a week after. The Misses Porkman had forgiven the ungracious disappointment on account of the gracious call.

"He looks lovely in morning dress," said Blanche Porkman, who was youthful and enthusiastic. "If you knew him you would rave about him."

"I never rave about people," returned Bella, with dignity. "And I don't in the least care about knowing this Captain Standish."

"This Captain Standish," echoed Blanche Porkman, indignantly. "You needn't put a demonstrative pronoun before him, Mrs. Piper. There's nobody else like him."

In spite of her affected indifference Bella was bent upon bringing Captain Standish to the Park. He had called upon the Porkmans. Was she, with her advanced ideas of elegance and her unlimited capacity for reading French novels, to be of less account than the Porkmans? Was that overgrown Blanche, with her drab hair and complexion and goggle eyes, to boast of an acquaintance beyond Bella's reach?

"The next time you come, colonel, you must bring Captain Standish," said Mrs. Piper to the cordial O'Shaughnessy, after that gentleman had dined copiously at Mr. Piper's expense, and told all his tiger stories, in which he was apt to lose the tiger in a jungle of irrelevant parentheses.

"Madam, if I live and he lives till next Thursday, Standish shall do homage at the shrine of beauty and domestic excellence," protested the colonel, which was merely his way of saying that Captain Standish should come to see Mrs. Piper.

The following Thursday came, but no Standish. Another and another Thursday, and the colonel still appeared, apologetic and disgusted. That fellow Standish was perfectly incorrigible, he declared. But this was the fourth Thursday, and Captain Standish was here.

"Madam," said the colonel, introducing his junior, "I have kept my promise. If this fellow had tried to put me off to-day, I should have lugged him here by the hair of his head."

"And if I had known how charming—a place I was to see, I should have come ages ago, without your interference, colonel," said the captain.

There was a break in the sentence, a look in the captain's eyes, that said in plainest language, "If I had known what a lovely woman I was to see," etc., etc. And Bella, having lately graduated in the novels of Charles de Bernard, thoroughly understood the look and tone.

Mr. Piper also was gratified by Captain Standish's visit. His friend Timperley had bragged of his familiarity with the captain, his friend Porkman had boasted of the captain's morning call. Mr. Piper did not wish to be behind those compeers of his. He had felt himself at a disadvantage when they were lauding the all-accomplished Standish.

"Well, Beller, my love," he said, when the guests had all departed, and he sat down to a *tête-à-tête* dinner with his wife, who was quite exhausted by the cares and triumphs of the afternoon, "I'm glad we've had Captain Standish at one of our Thursdays, since people round Great Yafford think such a lot about him, but I don't see that he is any thing so wonderful. He's very much like all the other military men I've seen—extra well got up linen, a neat cut boot, and hair cropped as close as a convick's. That's the general pattern, I take it."

"Oh, Mr. Piper!" cried Bella, horrified at this blasphemy. "Can't you see Captain Standish's superiority? There is a style—an air—a *je ne sais quoi*."

"I don't know about the *junnysaker*, but I'll allow that his clothes are a good cut," said the unimpressionable Piper. "But why the dickens do the Porkmans and Timperleys think so much of him? I shouldn't have thought he was old Timperley's sort."

"My dear Mr. Piper, Captain Standish is the fashion."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mr. Piper, meekly. "Well, I like to be in the fashion as well as my neighbors. Suppose we ask Captain Thingamy to dinner? He's not the sort of chap that would want to borrow money of one, is he, by-the-bye? It's a way they've got in the army."

"Captain Standish borrow money!" cried Bella. "Why, his mother is Lady Emmeline Standish—"

"That wouldn't fill his pockets," interjected Mr. Piper.

"And his father is a partner in a great bank. I forget which, but some enormously rich bank. The Porkmans know all about it."

"Oh, well, if his father's rich, he may come here as often as he likes. I'm not afraid of a rich man; but your needy fellows are always dangerous. They're like the serpent that warms itself at your hearth and then stings you. They eat your dinners, and wind up by getting you to put your name to an accommodation bill."

CHAPTER LI.

AT HER CHARIOT WHEELS.

CAPTAIN STANDISH did not wait to be asked to dinner. He made his appearance at Little Yafford Park within a few days of his first visit. This time he rode over, and his hack was a thing to wonder at.

"I'm blest if it ain't the first bit of horseflesh we've had inside these stables," exclaimed Mr. Piper's coachman, who affected to despise the pair of bays for which his master had given three hundred guineas.

Mr. Piper was enjoying himself among his friends at Great Yafford. There was a club in that commercial town, at which Mr. Timperley and Mr. Porkman and their associates assembled daily, to read the newspapers and discuss the money market. They were all strong politicians, and talked of politics as well as of the stock-exchange, but they contemplated all public events from one stand-point. What would be the effect on the money market? How would this crisis in France, or this artful move on the part of Russia, or this pretty piece of business at Vienna, affect the demand for cotton? Would Palmerston's last great speech steady the price of consols?

Mr. Piper went to his club oftener nowadays than he had gone in the first Mrs. Piper's time. Bella was making him a man of fashion, as he complained sometimes, with a fatuous delight in his young wife's frivolities. She could drive him into Great Yafford in her pony-carriage in the morning, do an hour's shopping at Banbury's or get a new novel at the circulating library, and fetch him in the afternoon in her barouche, after making two or three calls on the commercial aristocracy; for what is the use of having fine clothes if you can not show them to somebody, or a carriage and pair if you can not keep it standing before somebody's door? Bella heartily despised the Porkmans, Timperleys, Wigzells, and all their set, but she was by nature an actress, and must have a stage and an audience of some kind.

Thus it happened that Mr. Piper was at his club, and Bella received Captain Standish alone. It was a lovely afternoon, the lawn steeped in sunshine, the flower beds almost too dazzling to be looked at, the roses in their midsummer glory. Bella received her visitor in the garden. She was fond of sitting out-of-doors. She liked to see the width and grandeur of her domain, the fallow deer grouped gracefully in the distance, the cool shadows of beech and oak, the tall elms yonder where the rooks had built for the last century. Perhaps she knew that she looked her prettiest in the garden, sitting in a low basket chair in the shade of spreading lime branches.

It was just the afternoon for archery, not a breath of wind to blow the arrows about. The noble old beeches shaded the long stretch of sward where the targets had been set up from the fierceness of the sun, and made it possible for an enthusiastic toxophilite to endure the midsummer heat. Bella made quite light of it.

"I adore the summer," she said, when Captain Standish expressed his fear that she might find archery too great an exertion, with the thermometer at seventy-five in the shade. "I think I must belong to the cat family, I so enjoy basking in the sun."

"So do I," said the captain, who looked as fresh and cool as if he had just come out of a water-cure establishment; "and I detest the people who go about the world mopping themselves and grumbling at the heat on every decent summer day."

Bella blushed. Mr. Piper had an unpleasant way of mopping his face with a brown and yellow bandana on warm afternoons. She felt that there must be many habits of his that would jar on Captain Standish's nerves if ever they came to be intimate.

The lesson was delightful. The captain was a first-rate master, and after about an hour's hard work, Bella's arrows began to fly straight to the target, instead of taking a slanting direction and losing themselves under the beeches. This was something gained. Once she went within half an inch of the gold. And then when her arm began to ache desperately and she was obliged to give up, Captain Standish took her bow, and in the easiest way in the world, just like that famous marksman who drew his bow at a venture, shot three arrows in the gold, in the neatest little triangle.

"I could write my name on the target," he said. "It's the simplest thing in life when you're used to it."

Bella looked at her watch. Half past four o'clock. How the afternoon had flown! She had promised to call for her husband at his club, and the carriage had been ordered for four. She explained her engagement to Captain Standish, who apologized for having detained her so long.

"I was so pleased with your progress that I forgot all about time," he said. "May I come to-morrow—a little earlier? I want you to beat the Miss Porkmans next Thursday. You will be shooting on Thursday, I suppose."

"Yes, I dare say, if they come. I find archery a great relief on my Thursday afternoons. It is something for people to do. There is so little to talk about in the country. You must find it very trying, Captain Standish."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm used to country quarters," he said. "And then in the very depths of Bœotia there are always bright exceptions. But candidly, I don't care much for what people call society. I like to choose my friends, and when I have chosen them I am an enthusiast in friendship. Now pray put on your bonnet, and don't let Mr. Piper be kept waiting through my indiscretion in staying so long. I'll go round to the stable for my horse. May I ride beside your carriage part of the way, if I don't make too much dust?"

Bella blushed and sparkled at the idea. To have this fine flower of the army, this glass of fashion and mould of form, riding beside her barouche, was an honor to boast of when next she met the Porkmans. He had never ridden at their chariot wheels. Cæsar's triumph when he brought home Vercingetorix was not grander than this.

Bella leaned back in her carriage, holding up the daintiest lace-flounced parasol, just big enough to shelter the tip of her nose, while the captain's sleek bay trotted at her side, and arched his neck, and sniffed the air, and gave himself resentful airs at being forced to suit his pace to the jog-trot of the overfed carriage-horses. They passed along the village street, under the cloudless blue, and Bella felt that the eye of the world—her little world—was upon them. Miss Coyney was clipping her solitary standard rose-tree as they went by, and stopped, scissors in hand, to stare at them. Cyril Culverhouse was just coming out of his garden gate, with a black book under his arm. Clementina and Flora Scratchell were flattening their noses against the parlor window as usual. That vision of sisterly noses always greeted Bella as she passed. This time she took care to be looking another way. She did not want Captain Standish to know that her "people" lived in the shabbiest house in the village.

The captain was far too good a horseman to keep up that "'ammer, 'ammer, on the 'ard 'igh-road," of which the traditional cockney complained. There were plenty of grassy bits by the wayside where he was able to save his horse's feet—stretches of open down on which he could indulge himself and his horse with a gallop. Sometimes he dropped behind and walked his horse for a mile or so, and then startled Bella by descending upon her suddenly from some grassy height, fresh and cool, and riding with a rein as light as a silken thread.

"What a lovely horse that is!" exclaimed Bella. "He seems able to do any thing."

"He was able to throw most of his riders before I got him," answered the captain; "but he's tame enough now."

There was a roll in the animal's eye, and a liberal display of white, which went far to confirm this account of his antecedents.

Captain Standish was riding beside the carriage when they entered that newly built suburb where the plutocracy of Great Yafford had built their habitations. They passed the Porkmans' Grange, with its red walls, Tudor casements, and impossible gables, the Timperleys' Manor-house, with its Norman sugar-loaf towers, and the Wigzells' Italian Gothic Villa, all white stucco, terraced walks, and scarlet geraniums. Bella, like Cæsar, felt that her triumph was complete. Captain Standish only left her at the door of the club-house.

"Well, little woman," cried Mr. Piper, when he came tumbling into the barouche, with his white beaver hat at the back of his head, and his brown and yellow bandana on active service, "you haven't kept me waiting—no, not at all, neither."

Bella told him all about Captain Standish's visit. She was radiant with this small social success.

"Didn't I tell you that I'd introduce you into tip-top society, old woman?" exclaimed Mr. Piper. "You shall hold your own with the best of 'em. I'll spare no expense till I see you at the top of the tree. We must give a dinner party next week, and we'll have Timperley, and Wigzell, and the whole boiling."

"Captain Standish is always meeting them at Great Yafford. Don't you think we'd better ask the Dulcimers—and some of the Little Yafford people?" suggested Bella.

"Well, have it your own way, my dear. I like to see the Vicar at my mahogany. It looks respectable."

Bella sent out her invitations for that day fortnight, carefully excluding the manufacturing element. She impressed on Mr. Piper that he was to give no accidental invitations. His impulsive hospitality must not be allowed to spoil this particular party, as, in Bella's opinion at least, it had spoiled previous parties, by the interpolation of ineligible guests.

"Above all things let there be no Mr. Chumney," said Bella, authoritatively.

"Chumney's enjoying himself at Whitby," replied Mr. Piper, "and don't want to be beholden to you for a dinner; but if you expect me to forget that Chumney's father was the first man that ever gave me a week's wages, you'll find yourself disappointed. I'd take a knife and cut my heart out if I thought it was capable of such base ingratitude."

"You may remember Mr. Chumney's father as much as you like, but you needn't always be talking of him, and of the time when you were glad to earn twelve shillings a week," remonstrated Bella. "There's no use in harping upon such things."

"Yes, there is," answered Mr. Piper; "it shows that prosperity hasn't made me proud."

Mrs. Piper called at the Vicarage next day to insure the acceptance of her invitation. Mrs. Dulcimer had seen Captain Standish riding by the Vicarage gate in attendance on Bella's barouche, and had heard about that ride of his from ever so many people already.

"I don't wonder people talk about him," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "He sits his horse splendidly, and there's a wonderful style about him. One can see at a glance that he has always mixed in the best society."

"I hope you and Mr. Dulcimer can come to meet him on Wednesday week," said Bella.

"Is he really coming to you?"

"I've asked him."

"Oh, but he is so very exclusive. I hear he is quite difficult to get. He is not at all fond of visiting. He shoots and hunts a great deal, they say, but doesn't care for balls or parties."

"I think he will come," said Bella. "Colonel O'Shaughnessy brought him to us last Thursday, and he seemed quite to take to—Mr. Piper."

"And he was giving you a lesson in archery, Miss Coyney told me. You must be very careful, my dear. I thought you were just a little imprudent to let him ride by your carriage yesterday. A man of that kind would get you talked about in no time."

"My dear Mrs. Dulcimer, I don't the least mind being talked about."

"Bella!"

"In fact, I rather like it."

"Bella! I don't think I could endure my existence if I thought that people talked about me," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, solemnly. "Of course in my case it would be particularly awful. A Vicar's wife is like Cæsar's."

"Cæsar had so many wives," said Bella, "he could hardly expect all of them to be respectable."

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, her whole countenance suddenly illuminated, "I have such a splendid idea!"

Bella looked any thing but delighted.

"What is it, dear Mrs. Dulcimer?"

"What a husband Captain Standish would make for your sister Clementina! My dear, he is the very man for her. A man of high family—rolling in money—young—handsome. *What* a chance for that poor girl!"

"My dear Mrs. Dulcimer, do you imagine that any man of high family would choose a wife out of my father's house?"

"But he need not see her in her father's house—at any rate, not till he is so deeply in love that he will not care a straw whether her family are rich or poor. He will see her at the Park—elegantly dressed—with you. He will only think of her as your sister. And if he were to propose, I feel sure that Mr. Piper would do something handsome for her. He is the soul of generosity. You know that, Bella."

"He is very generous, but I can not expect him to give all my sisters fortunes."

"Not all of them, dear. No, of course not; but he would give Clementina something if she were going to make such a match as that. A man in his position would willingly make some sacrifice to have Captain Standish for his brother-in-law. Only think, Lady Emmeline Standish would be your—something-in-law. It would be so nice for you to have people of high family belonging to you. It would give you the *entrée* to county society."

"It would be very nice, I dare say," said Bella, not elated by this brilliant perspective, "but it is just the most unlikely thing to come to pass. A man so run after as Captain Standish has been is not likely to fall in love with Clementina."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Dulcimer, sagely. "More wonderful things have happened within my knowledge. Clementina is a very pretty girl, almost as pretty as you, Bella. She has your complexion. I hope you've invited her for Wednesday week."

"No, indeed, I have not. It doesn't do to be overrun by one's family always. You see I could scarcely ask Tina without asking papa and mamma, and that is quite out of the question."

"You might have her to stay with you," suggested Mrs. Dulcimer. "She would help to amuse your step-daughters."

Elizabeth Fry and Mary Wollstonecraft were coming home for their summer vacation in a few days—a return acutely dreaded by Bella.

"Well, dear Mrs. Dulcimer, perhaps you are right. It might be as well to have Clementina."

She could not be more in the way than those two troublesome step-daughters, Bella thought.

"If you have your sister with you, it will prevent people making disagreeable remarks when Captain Standish calls on you," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "It must be so awkward for a young woman like you to receive a gentleman when your husband is out."

"Captain Standish is not quite a dragon," replied Bella, laughing. "I am not afraid of him."

"My dear, I am told he is a very fascinating man," said Mrs. Dulcimer, "and that is the worst kind of dragon for a young married woman. He certainly ought to marry Clementina, and if you and I exercise a little diplomacy, I believe he will do it. Look at your position. I feel proud of that. If it hadn't been for me, you might have never been Mrs. Piper. Poor Mr. Piper might never have repeated his offer if I had not encouraged him."

"You are all that is kind and good," said Bella, inwardly protesting against this patronage and interference.

"Now go and invite your sister to stay with you, dear. And see that she is becomingly dressed. And you can polish her up a little in the next fortnight. Clementina sadly wants polish. She has never had your opportunities, you know."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOSS OF THE "HURON."

ONE of the saddest disasters of the year was the loss of the United States steamer *Huron*, on the morning of November 24, near Kitty Hawk, on the North Carolina coast. The *Huron* left Hampton Roads about eleven o'clock Friday morning, November 23, for Havana, having been sent out to survey the islands of the Caribbean Sea and the Antilles. The weather was threatening at the time of sailing; but as the *Huron* was a stanch vessel, Commander RYAN did not hesitate to put to sea.

During the afternoon the weather grew more stormy, and when night set in, the wind was blowing a heavy gale. No danger was, however, apprehended. But about ten minutes past one o'clock Saturday morning the *Huron* struck heavily and stuck fast in the sand. The surf was terrific, and the night intensely dark. Signals of distress were made, but no response was received from the shore. None of the officers knew the position of the ship, and even the direction of the shore could not be ascertained. The waves made a clean break over the decks, sweeping every thing away, and carrying the boats from the davits. Many seamen and officers were washed overboard, and out of 138 men only 34 were saved.

According to the account of Assistant Engineer DENIG, the ship was heeled over about forty degrees to windward. At every thump some part of the engine frame would snap, and the starboard boilers shifted toward the port side. Every effort was made to keep the fires going. At about ten minutes of two o'clock it was found necessary to haul the starboard fires. At two o'clock the engines stopped suddenly with forty pounds of steam, and the fires were hauled at a quarter past two, the remainder of the steam blowing through the whistle, making signals of distress. All valves in connection with the sea were closed, and word passed for all hands to get on deck. The engineers were all cool and collected, not the least confusion on the part of any one being manifested. A few minutes afterward the starboard boilers shifted clear across the fire-room. The sea was breaking over the ship, and it was pitilessly cold. At daylight there were about fifty men on the forecastle, and every sea would wash some of them overboard. There were five men in the main rigging. At about eight o'clock the poop-deck boats and hammock nettings were washed away, and every sea nearly tore the men from the rigging. At about half past eight the main and mizzen masts began to break.

Commander **RYAN** and other officers were washed overboard soon after the vessel struck, while doing their utmost to save the lives of the men. Among the survivors was Ensign **LUCIEN YOUNG**, who, with several others, succeeded in reaching the shore on the balsa, after several hair-breadth escapes in the heavy surf. As soon as he landed he sought assistance. Meeting several men on shore, he asked why the life-car was not there. "They said," he states, "that it was locked up in the station, and they were afraid to break open the door. I told them that if they would come with me I would break open the door and get it out. Five of them volunteered to go. I asked them if they saw our signals, and they said they did, even the very first signal. I walked and ran down the beach with these men to the station. I found no one there, but saw a team coming down the beach, which proved to be that of Sheriff **BRINKLEY**, of Dare County. I broke open the door, got the mortar and lines, broke open a locker, and found powder and balls, all of which Sheriff **BRINKLEY** took up in his team; but when I got back to the scene of the wreck all the masts of the *Huron* were gone, and no one was on board. This was about 11 A.M."

The moment the news of the disaster was received at Hampton Roads the *Swatara*, *Powhatan*, and the wrecking steamer *Baker* were sent to the scene of the wreck, but they arrived too late to be of any assistance in saving life. The terrible surf had swept away all who clung to the wreck, and only thirty-four succeeded in reaching land.

The generally accepted theory as to the cause of the disaster is that local attraction had caused such a variation of the ship's compass as to mislead Commander **RYAN**. The *Huron* is said to have been a sound ship, in every respect seaworthy, and her commanding officer was regarded as one of the most skillful navigators in the service.

Commander **RYAN**, whose portrait is given on page 989, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1842. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1857, having been appointed from his native State. After a successful course, he graduated as Midshipman in 1860, and was assigned for duty on board the brig *Bainbridge*. At the commencement of the war in 1861 he was still attached to that vessel. During the [illegible] was transferred to the steam-sloop *Sacramento* for special service, and was actively engaged along the coast during the remainder of the war, both on blockade and auxiliary duty. On July 16, 1862, he received his commission as Lieutenant. In 1865 he was transferred to the steamer *Lenapee*, then attached to the Atlantic Squadron, and he remained on that service until the close of 1866, having received on July 25 his commission as Lieutenant-Commander. During the years 1867–69 we find him doing duty at the Naval Academy, and he remained on the staff of instructors until the early part of 1870, when he was assigned to the frigate *Sabine* on special service. He obtained his rank of Commander October 3, 1874, and was placed in command of the *Huron*. After a cruise of eleven months, the ship went out of commission in April, 1875. Commander **RYAN** was again assigned to the *Huron* in September, 1876. By his death the naval service of the country has lost a very gallant officer.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	16.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Friday,	21.—St. Thomas, the Apostle.
Sunday,	23.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	25.—Christmas-day.
Wednesday,	26.—St. Stephen, the Martyr.
Thursday,	27.—St. John, the Evangelist.
Friday,	28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	30.—Sunday after Christmas.

THE case of Father **STACK**, the Roman Catholic priest of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, who was removed from the pastoral charge of his church by Bishop **O'HARA**, has been decided in his favor by Judge **GAMBLE**, acting as Chancellor of the Court of Common Pleas. The litigation between the parties has been going on for six years. According to the report published, "the judge maintains that the power [of removal] exercised in the case by Bishop **O'HARA** is unwarranted by the canon laws, and that even if the discipline of the Church allowed it, such power must nevertheless be condemned as contrary to the law of the land, and prejudicial to the rights of citizenship." The judge, however, declines to restore Father **STACK** to his former position. If the priest was illegally deprived, it would seem reasonable that the court should give him back his place, inasmuch as the law was appealed to for this express object.

The Lincoln University, established in Pennsylvania by the Presbyterians for the higher education of freedmen, has already achieved great results. In twelve years 135 students have been graduated from the collegiate and theological departments. Of this number fifty-seven are now ministers, thirty-eight teachers, four lawyers, three physicians, seven are following business pursuits, and twenty-four are studying professions. The fifty-seven ministers are Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Episcopal, Baptist, and Reformed.

The exclusion of Father **CURCI**, the Roman Catholic orator, and the editor of the *Civilta Cattolica*, from the Jesuit order, is much discussed by the press of Europe. The fact that so gifted a man, whose life has been devoted to the upholding of the papacy, advises the Pope to abandon the demand for the restoration of his temporal power, is very significant. Father **CURCI** has issued a letter, dated Florence, October 25, in which he explains his position. He says: "As many persons have spoken of it with great inexactitude, I judge it opportune that a very grave fact which concerns me should be known directly from myself. After belonging to it for more than fifty years, I am to-day, by lawful authority, separated from the Company of Jesus, although still remaining united to it in mind and heart, as I have always been." He promises a fuller explanation of his opinions in a short time. From the tenor of this letter it would appear that Father **CURCI** has voluntarily retired from the Jesuit society.

The annual meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society began in Philadelphia November 21. The receipts during the financial year up to October 31 were, from collections, $70,407; on Loan Fund, $21,208; loans returned, $17,387, making a total of $109,002. This is an increase on the preceding year to the same date.

The Irish (Disestablished) Church shows more and more, as time progresses, its hostility to ritualism. Recently, at the meeting of the Dublin Diocesan Synod, the subject of religious "retreats" was brought up by the statement that such a retreat had been held near Dublin, with the usual accompaniment of auricular confession. Professor **JELLETT** moved three resolutions condemning all such practices as tending to divest the Church of its Protestant character. One member of the Synod, Canon **SMITH**, in the course of the debate admitted that he had heard confessions. The admission intensified the excitement. The resolutions were carried by the following vote: clergy—ayes 51, noes 26; laity—ayes 149, noes 14. Archbishop **TRENCH**, after the declaration of the result, expressed his dissent from the resolutions, and suspended them, "referring the matter to the General Synod of next year." The bishop and some of his relatives were charged as being in sympathy with the proceedings condemned by the Synod.

As to the health of the Pope, the following account from the Roman correspondent of the London *Times* is most probably correct: "His doctor—**CECCARELLI**—has taken up his quarters at the palace, and visits his Holiness three or four times a day. **PIUS IX.** never rises from his chair, to which it has been necessary to add new supports and cushions to afford him ease and relief. The weakness of his limbs is increasing, especially on his right side. He is, however, still carried out into his garden in the sunny hours of the day, the mildness of the weather being still extraordinary even for Rome, and he continues to receive visitors, though his addresses are short and his voice is faint."

The disposition [illegible]ards shows itself, by no uncertain signs, among the United Presbyterians of Scotland. The Rev. **FERGUS FERGUSON**, of the Queen's Park Church, Glasgow, in a discourse delivered on the first Sunday of November, said that the "United Presbyterian Church was committed by its whole history to the path of doctrinal reform; that as a Protestant body it was bound to sympathize with the conscientious difficulties of others, and as a Presbyterian body to eliminate the grim, repellent, and untrue aspects of the so-called Calvinism, as set forth in the subordinate standards." The desire to revise the confessions is also reported to be strong in the English Presbyterian Church. It should be borne in mind, however, that the conservatism of the Presbyterian Churches is a well-established historical fact.

Efforts continue to be made to promote Catholic emigration from the great cities to the far Western States. The *Pilot* publishes letters continually from priests in Kansas, Dakota, and other States and Territories. It also reminds the "Irish in America that the best foundation for prosperity and a permanent influence in this republic is an extensive ownership of the soil."

As the result of the *Culturkampf* in Germany there are now four bishops left in Prussia out of twelve; two have died and six have been deposed. The sees still having official heads are Ermeland, Culm, Hildesheim, and Osnabrück. Of the sum of over $300,000 voted by the state for the support of Catholic parish priests, only as much as will support twenty is drawn. The law of April 22, 1875, requires every ecclesiastic, before receiving a stipend from the state, to sign a declaration of submission to the ecclesiastical laws. As nearly all the priests refuse to comply with this requirement, they are thrown for support upon the voluntary contributions of their people.

The union of the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists of Ireland, in relation to which negotiations have been for some time going on, will soon be consummated. At a convention recently held in Portadown it was determined that the united body should be called the "Methodist Church of Ireland." The Wesleyans of Ireland number about 20,000 communicants.

The Reformed Churches of France held, during the month of October, important conferences—that of the liberals of the state Church at Nismes, and that of the orthodox party at Montauban. It was though tthat the orthodox conference would urge the assembling of another Synod as a means of relieving the present dead lock in relation to the profession of faith to be required of ministers. There is also a union of Evangelical Reformed Churches, wholly separated from the state. These number forty, and met in Synod at Lyons October 25. This union was formed in 1848, when M. **FÉDÉRIC MONOD** and M. **AGÉNOR DE GASPARIN** seceded from the national Church. It has recently lost three of its most important ministers, MM. **BERSIER**, **THÉODORE MONOD**, and **JEAN BOST**. Notwithstanding these defections, the union is represented as being in a hopeful condition.

The American Missionary Association is about to publish a plan for the extinction of its entire indebtedness, which has been reduced to $57,691. Among the recent contributions are two from Scotland of $1000 each.

An Evangelical Alliance, comprehending all the Protestant Churches of Australia, is likely to grow out of the visits of Mr. **HENRY VARLEY** and the Rev. Dr. **SOMERVILLE** to that colony.

The discussion excited by the omission of the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh to celebrate the Lord's Supper, as a token of the Christian fellowship of the delegates, is likely to continue till the Council meets again, in 1880. The Rev. G. D. **MATHEWS**, of this city, one of the secretaries of the Council, explains the omission in this way: The Edinburgh Presbyterians knew that there were present delegates from Scotland, Ireland, and America who "had peculiar views about communing, and that they could not take part in such a service even if the Council by a majority vote should agree to do so. To avoid the shame of a discussion and a vote, to avoid wounding the convictions of brethren, to avoid the novel way of promoting the unity of the Presbyterian Church by driving off a number of esteemed and honored brethren, the Edinburgh friends resolved that they would not 'invite' the Council to the communion service, but simply sent a notice that such a service would be held," etc. All this shows that the Alliance will have a work to do in promoting as well as expressing Presbyterian unity, and that there is good reason for future meetings of its Council.

The text of the pamphlet or essay on the temporal power of the Pope which brought Father **CURCI** into trouble has been published. It shows that while, on the one hand, his reasons for accepting the loss of temporal sovereignty are unanswerable, his scheme for the reconciliation of Italy and the papacy is visionary. On the former topic he says that, as the independence of the Pope has, by the act of Providence, been taken away for seven years, "so it may be now ordained that he should be deprived of it for centuries. Nor is it quite sure, if he were to recover it, that it would be precisely such a sovereignty as it was before September 20, 1870. As the temporal power could not be restored as it was without breaking up the unity of Italy, it was natural that the Italians should look upon the Vatican and the Church as their enemies, and that the country should say to the Church, '*Mors tua, vita mea.*'" His scheme of reconciliation embraces these three points: (1) "The Pope should consecrate the king, bestowing upon him an authority emanating from God, and not from the people; (2) he should have the means of efficiently and legally preventing or forbidding laws contrary to religion and morality; (3) he should so arrange the conditions of Rome that the Pope could reside there in a dignified manner, as a sovereign not only of Rome, but of Italy." It is not necessary to say that Italy would never accept such an arrangement. It is suspected that there are among the Italian priests many sympathizers with Father [illegible] the expediency of submitting to [illegible] the question, "Ought the necessity of temporal power to be made a dogma?"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE value of the storm warnings of the Signal Service becomes daily more apparent. Occasionally, it may be, the signals of danger are displayed without need. But ship-masters have learned that when the red flag is flying, they are wise to be on their guard, and not to venture into dangerous localities on the stormy waters. The heavy gale in the midst of which the unfortunate *Huron* went ashore on the North Carolina coast was extremely severe in many parts of Virginia, Maryland, and Georgia, as well as in other sections of the country. The floods caused by the sudden rising of the Potomac, the James, the Shenandoah, and the Dan rivers, and many smaller streams in their vicinity, caused great destruction of property. In Richmond, Virginia, the lower part of the city was inundated, the flood spreading over whole blocks, submerging the gas-works, leaving the city in darkness, and causing immense damage. Persons who remained in dwellings in the flooded locality were driven from floor to floor, and in many instances were finally removed in boats to places of safety. But the Signal Service had previously uttered its warning note and foretold a sudden rise in the Virginia rivers, so that at Richmond and at other places much movable property had been placed beyond the reach of high water before the floods came. The same warnings were specially serviceable to shipping in harbor.

Season-ticket holders at the Paris Exhibition, following the fashion of Philadelphians last year, will be expected to paste a photograph on their vouchers, a duplicate photograph being placed in the book whence the voucher was withdrawn. The price of season tickets will be twenty dollars.

The "Memorial Reference Library" which the alumni of Union Theological Seminary decided last summer to establish in honor of the late Professor Henry B. Smith is now open for use. It contains 2500 volumes, besides the standard theological periodicals. The sum of $10,000 has been raised for founding and endowing this collection; it is intended to add to it the valuable reference books in the department of theology as they successively appear.

Great havoc among the fowls, to be sure! No less than 6500 pounds of turkey and 7500 pounds of chickens were required by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction for the Thanksgiving dinner of the inmates of the various institutions of the city.

All London has been excited over the recent marriage of Henry Fitzalan Howard, Duke of Norfolk, to Lady Flora Hastings. The bridegroom is by blood and rank at the head of the aristocracy of Great Britain, and consequently his marriage is a great social event. The bride is eldest daughter of the Countess of Loudoun, and inherits some of the most ancient baronetcies in the realm. She is about twenty-four years of age, not beautiful, but much esteemed in English society for her good sense and sweetness of temper. The duke also is distinguished for his sound judgment and simple habits; and although living in one of the finest ducal residences of England, his mode of life is markedly unostentatious. He is noted for his life of religious devotion and charity.

After having been open to the public over ten weeks, the American Institute Fair brought its successful exhibition to a close. The attendance was estimated at about five thousand a day, including probably about fifteen hundred "complimentary" tickets. Over seven hundred prizes were distributed among the fifteen hundred exhibitors on the last evening of the fair. It is pleasant to know that this interesting exhibition has been a pecuniary success this year.

The *Court Journal* says that the Russian authorities appear to have taken a leaf from the constitution of the English "Temperance League." Most stringent measures against intemperance have been recently adopted, and a great decrease of alcoholism is stated to be the result. Drinking shops are closed at eight in the evening, casinos have been put down with the strong hand, and refreshment saloons have been removed from the interior of theatres. The folk of St. Petersburg and Moscow look upon these innovations with no favorable eye.

A novel affair in the Spanish department of the Paris Exhibition is to be "a prize show of the photographs of the most beautiful women in the world." There are to be sixty-one principal prizes, besides minor ones and "honorable mention." Beauty is to be judged by photographs—a full face and a profile view—and the jury will be composed of two members chosen from each nation, a gentleman and a lady. The lady proclaimed "queen of beauty," if she happens to be in Paris, and is willing, will be paraded in a carriage drawn by six Andalusian steeds. Such is one reported "feature" of the Exhibition of 1878.

Queen Victoria desires to regulate her children, it is said, as if they were still boys and girls. Prince Leopold is twenty-four, but one of his suite is expected to telegraph his slightest movements to Windsor or Balmoral; and sometimes he receives, in return, positive orders to change his plans.

In Russia a new sect has sprung into existence, called the "Purifiers." Their creed is simple: all persons must marry on coming of age; the wife must be recognized as the head of the family, and the husband must confess his sins to his wife once a week!

The London Cremation Society has recently exhibited models and diagrams of a "cremation apparatus." The cost of it is stated at £1000.

An iron bridge is wanted across the Danube, and an agent of the Russian government is endeavoring to make a contract with builders in this country for its construction. It is to be 2100 feet long, a single span only, and to cost about $3,000,000.

In these hard times it is very convenient to have a "shower of fish" such as has been reported from Canada. They were fresh fish, and scattered along a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. Whether these wonderful fishes fell six feet or six hundred nobody seems to know; but they were good, and another "shower" is earnestly requested.

Times change. The heathen are now organizing for the propagation [illegible]tians of Australia. An eminent Brahmin, while travelling not long ago among the Australian colonies, was appalled at the fearful prevalence of drunkenness among the "Christian" settlers. He returned to India, consulted with other thoughtful Brahmins, collected money, and organized a society for the conversion of these Christians to the purer and better faith of Brahminism!

"Peter Parley's Tales" are affectionately remembered by hundreds who are now growing gray. But where have the "Tales" gone? Mr. Spofford, the Congressional Librarian, has for a long time been looking in vain for a complete set of them.

The Horseshoe of Niagara is now a right angle. A large section of rock recently fell with tremendous force.

Babies in England need protection. In one farming district an infant weighing only one pound four ounces has been exhibited in a travelling circus. The police concluded to interfere in this case. But in the same district five-year-old children are sent out by their parents to earn money by scaring crows from the fields.

Some newspapers seem to be edited on the general principle of reporting an accident, casualty, or even a commonplace event one day, and contradicting it the next day. This method fills the columns without much trouble. Every one who has personal knowledge of the events recounted in newspapers notices the marked inaccuracies in details, even when the main statement is true. This is an almost inevitable result of hasty reporting and eagerness to have the "latest news." Rumors may doubtless be considered as news in a certain sense; but it is evident that many reports are made up out of nothing.

Coffee, according to the *Lancet*, has been found to be a complete antidote to strychnine, or to diminish materially the violence of its action, varying according to circumstances. Instances are mentioned by Dr. Attilio Lelli as having come under his notice where strychnine had been administered in strong coffee without fatal consequences.

Farmers and all who have charge of cows may learn a lesson from the following anecdote which we clip from an exchange: A market-gardener had a very fine cow that was milked week after week by hired men. He observed that the amount of butter he carried to market weighed about a pound more on each alternate week. He watched the men and tried the cow after they had finished milking, but always found that there was no milk left in the teats. He finally asked the Scotch girl who took care of the milk if she could account for the difference. "Why, yes," she says. "When Jim milks he says to the old cow, 'So! my pretty muley, so!' But when Sam milks he hits her on the hip with the edge of the pail, and says, 'H'ist, you old brute!'"

his brother officers and from the outside world, until she knew his excellences and accomplishments by heart. She was inspired with the same desire to cultivate his acquaintance which agitated feminine society in the brand-new Granges, Moats, and Manors round Great Yafford. The Porkmans had met him at a fancy ball, where he had stood out from the tinseled King Charleses and the spangled Black Princes, and the theatrical Brigands and Troubadours, in the actual dress of a Spanish bull-fighter. He had once accepted an invitation to dine at the Porkmans', had disappointed them at the last moment, and had called a week after. The Misses Porkman had forgiven the ungracious disappointment on account of the gracious call.

"He looks lovely in morning dress," said Blanche Porkman, who was youthful and enthusiastic. "If you knew him you would rave about him."

"I never rave about people," returned Bella, with dignity. "And I don't in the least care about knowing this Captain Standish."

"This Captain Standish," echoed Blanche Porkman, indignantly. "You needn't put a demonstrative pronoun before him, Mrs. Piper. There's nobody else like him."

In spite of her affected indifference Bella was bent upon bringing Captain Standish to the Park. He had called upon the Porkmans. Was she, with her advanced ideas of elegance and her unlimited capacity for reading French novels, to be of less account than the Porkmans? Was that overgrown Blanche, with her drab hair and complexion and goggle eyes, to boast of an acquaintance beyond Bella's reach?

"The next time you come, colonel, you must bring Captain Standish," said Mrs. Piper to the cordial O'Shaughnessy, after that gentleman had dined copiously at Mr. Piper's expense, and told all his tiger stories, in which he was apt to lose the tiger in a jungle of irrelevant parentheses.

"Madam, if I live and he lives till next Thursday, Standish shall do homage at the shrine of beauty and domestic excellence," protested the colonel, which was merely his way of saying that Captain Standish should come to see Mrs. Piper.

The following Thursday came, but no Standish. Another and another Thursday, and the colonel still appeared, apologetic and disgusted. That fellow Standish was perfectly incorrigible, he declared. But this was the fourth Thursday, and Captain Standish was here.

"Madam," said the colonel, introducing his junior, "I have kept my promise. If this fellow had tried to put me off to-day, I should have lugged him here by the hair of his head."

"And if I had known how charming—a place I was to see, I should have come ages ago, without your interference, colonel," said the captain.

There was a break in the sentence, a look in the captain's eyes, that said in plainest language, "If I had known what a lovely woman I was to see," etc., etc. And Bella, having lately graduated in the novels of Charles de Bernard, thoroughly understood the look and tone.

Mr. Piper also was gratified by Captain Standish's visit. His friend Timperley had bragged of his familiarity with the captain, his friend Porkman had boasted of the captain's morning call. Mr. Piper did not wish to be behind those compeers of his. He had felt himself at a disadvantage when they were lauding the all-accomplished Standish.

"Well, Beller, my love," he said, when the guests had all departed, and he sat down to a *tête-à-tête* dinner with his wife, who was quite exhausted by the cares and triumphs of the afternoon, "I'm glad we've had Captain Standish at one of our Thursdays, since people round Great Yafford think such a lot about him, but I don't see that he is any thing so wonderful. He's very much like all the other military men I've seen—extra well got up linen, a neat cut boot, and hair cropped as close as a convick's. That's the general pattern, I take it."

"Oh, Mr. Piper!" cried Bella, horrified at this blasphemy. "Can't you see Captain Standish's superiority? There is a style—an air—a *je ne sais quoi*."

"I don't know about the *junnysaker*, but I'll allow that his clothes are a good cut," said the unimpressionable Piper. "But why the dickens do the Porkmans and Timperleys think so much of him? I shouldn't have thought he was old Timperley's sort."

"My dear Mr. Piper, Captain Standish is the fashion."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mr. Piper, meekly. "Well, I like to be in the fashion as well as my neighbors. Suppose we ask Captain Thingamy to dinner? He's not the sort of chap that would want to borrow money of one, is he, by-the-bye? It's a way they've got in the army."

"Captain Standish borrow money!" cried Bella. "Why, his mother is Lady Emmeline Standish—"

"That wouldn't fill his pockets," interjected Mr. Piper.

"And his father is a partner in a great bank. I forget which, but some enormously rich bank. The Porkmans know all about it."

"Oh, well, if his father's rich, he may come here as often as he likes. I'm not afraid of a rich man; but your needy fellows are always dangerous. They're like the serpent that warms itself at your hearth and then stings you. They eat your dinners, and wind up by getting you to put your name to an accommodation bill."

CHAPTER LI.

AT HER CHARIOT WHEELS.

CAPTAIN STANDISH did not wait to be asked to dinner. He made his appearance at Little Yafford Park within a few days of his first visit. This time he rode over, and his hack was a thing to wonder at.

"I'm blest if it ain't the first bit of horseflesh we've had inside these stables," exclaimed Mr. Piper's coachman, who affected to despise the pair of bays for which his master had given three hundred guineas.

Mr. Piper was enjoying himself among his friends at Great Yafford. There was a club in that commercial town, at which Mr. Timperley and Mr. Porkman and their associates assembled daily, to read the newspapers and discuss the money market. They were all strong politicians, and talked of politics as well as of the stock-exchange, but they contemplated all public events from one stand-point. What would be the effect on the money market? How would this crisis in France, or this artful move on the part of Russia, or this pretty piece of business at Vienna, affect the demand for cotton? Would Palmerston's last great speech steady the price of consols?

Mr. Piper went to his club oftener nowadays than he had gone in the first Mrs. Piper's time. Bella was making him a man of fashion, as he complained sometimes, with a fatuous delight in his young wife's frivolities. She could drive him into Great Yafford in her pony-carriage in the morning, do an hour's shopping at Banbury's or get a new novel at the circulating library, and fetch him in the afternoon in her barouche, after making two or three calls on the commercial aristocracy; for what is the use of having fine clothes if you can not show them to somebody, or a carriage and pair if you can not keep it standing before somebody's door? Bella heartily despised the Porkmans, Timperleys, Wigzells, and all their set, but she was by nature an actress, and must have a stage and an audience of some kind.

Thus it happened that Mr. Piper was at his club, and Bella received Captain Standish alone. It was a lovely afternoon, the lawn steeped in sunshine, the flower beds almost too dazzling to be looked at, the roses in their midsummer glory. Bella received her visitor in the garden. She was fond of sitting out-of-doors. She liked to see the width and grandeur of her domain, the fallow deer grouped gracefully in the distance, the cool shadows of beech and oak, the tall elms yonder where the rooks had built for the last century. Perhaps she knew that she looked her prettiest in the garden, sitting in a low basket chair in the shade of spreading lime branches.

It was just the afternoon for archery, not a breath of wind to blow the arrows about. The noble old beeches shaded the long stretch of sward where the targets had been set up from the fierceness of the sun, and made it possible for an enthusiastic toxophilite to endure the midsummer heat. Bella made quite light of it.

"I adore the summer," she said, when Captain Standish expressed his fear that she might find archery too great an exertion, with the thermometer at seventy-five in the shade. "I think I must belong to the cat family, I so enjoy basking in the sun."

"So do I," said the captain, who looked as fresh and cool as if he had just come out of a water-cure establishment; "and I detest the people who go about the world mopping themselves and grumbling at the heat on every decent summer day."

Bella blushed. Mr. Piper had an unpleasant way of mopping his face with a brown and yellow bandana on warm afternoons. She felt that there must be many habits of his that would jar on Captain Standish's nerves if ever they came to be intimate.

The lesson was delightful. The captain was a first-rate master, and after about an hour's hard work, Bella's arrows began to fly straight to the target, instead of taking a slanting direction and losing themselves under the beeches. This was something gained. Once she went within half an inch of the gold. And then when her arm began to ache desperately and she was obliged to give up, Captain Standish took her bow, and in the easiest way in the world, just like that famous marksman who drew his bow at a venture, shot three arrows in the gold, in the neatest little triangle.

"I could write my name on the target," he said. "It's the simplest thing in life when you're used to it."

Bella looked at her watch. Half past four o'clock. How the afternoon had flown! She had promised to call for her husband at his club, and the carriage had been ordered for four. She explained her engagement to Captain Standish, who apologized for having detained her so long.

"I was so pleased with your progress that I forgot all about time," he said. "May I come to-morrow—a little earlier? I want you to beat the Miss Porkmans next Thursday. You will be shooting on Thursday, I suppose."

"Yes, I dare say, if they come. I find archery a great relief on my Thursday afternoons. It is something for people to do. There is so little to talk about in the country. You must find it very trying, Captain Standish."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm used to country quarters," he said. "And then in the very depths of Bœotia there are always bright exceptions. But candidly, I don't care much for what people call society. I like to choose my friends, and when I have chosen them I am an enthusiast in friendship. Now pray put on your bonnet, and don't let Mr. Piper be kept waiting through my indiscretion in staying so long. I'll go round to the stable for my horse. May I ride beside your carriage part of the way, if I don't make too much dust?"

Bella blushed and sparkled at the idea. To have this fine flower of the army, this glass of fashion and mould of form, riding beside her barouche, was an honor to boast of when next she met the Porkmans. He had never ridden at their chariot wheels. Cæsar's triumph when he brought home Vercingetorix was not grander than this.

Bella leaned back in her carriage, holding up the daintiest lace-flounced parasol, just big enough to shelter the tip of her nose, while the captain's sleek bay trotted at her side, and arched his neck, and sniffed the air, and gave himself resentful airs at being forced to suit his pace to the jog-trot of the overfed carriage-horses. They passed along the village street, under the cloudless blue, and Bella felt that the eye of the world—her little world—was upon them. Miss Coyney was clipping her solitary standard rose-tree as they went by, and stopped, scissors in hand, to stare at them. Cyril Culverhouse was just coming out of his garden gate, with a black book under his arm. Clementina and Flora Scratchell were flattening their noses against the parlor window as usual. That vision of sisterly noses always greeted Bella as she passed. This time she took care to be looking another way. She did not want Captain Standish to know that her "people" lived in the shabbiest house in the village.

The captain was far too good a horseman to keep up that "'ammer, 'ammer, on the 'ard 'igh-road," of which the traditional cockney complained. There were plenty of grassy bits by the way-side where he was able to save his horse's feet—stretches of open down on which he could indulge himself and his horse with a gallop. Sometimes he dropped behind and walked his horse for a mile or so, and then startled Bella by descending upon her suddenly from some grassy height, fresh and cool, and riding with a rein as light as a silken thread.

"What a lovely horse that is!" exclaimed Bella. "He seems able to do any thing."

"He was able to throw most of his riders before I got him," answered the captain; "but he's tame enough now."

There was a roll in the animal's eye, and a liberal display of white, which went far to confirm this account of his antecedents.

Captain Standish was riding beside the carriage when they entered that newly built suburb where the plutocracy of Great Yafford had built their habitations. They passed the Porkmans' Grange, with its red walls, Tudor casements, and impossible gables, the Timperleys' Manor-house, with its Norman sugar-loaf towers, and the Wigzells' Italian Gothic Villa, all white stucco, terraced walks, and scarlet geraniums. Bella, like Cæsar, felt that her triumph was complete. Captain Standish only left her at the door of the club-house.

"Well, little woman," cried Mr. Piper, when he came tumbling into the barouche, with his white beaver hat at the back of his head, and his brown and yellow bandana on active service, "you haven't kept me waiting—no, not at all, neither."

Bella told him all about Captain Standish's visit. She was radiant with this small social success.

"Didn't I tell you that I'd introduce you into tip-top society, old woman?" exclaimed Mr. Piper. "You shall hold your own with the best of 'em. I'll spare no expense till I see you at the top of the tree. We must give a dinner party next week, and we'll have Timperley, and Wigzell, and the whole boiling."

"Captain Standish is always meeting them at Great Yafford. Don't you think we'd better ask the Dulcimers—and some of the Little Yafford people?" suggested Bella.

"Well, have it your own way, my dear. I like to see the Vicar at my mahogany. It looks respectable."

Bella sent out her invitations for that day fortnight, carefully excluding the manufacturing element. She impressed on Mr. Piper that he was to give no accidental invitations. His impulsive hospitality must not be allowed to spoil this particular party, as, in Bella's opinion at least, it had spoiled previous parties, by the interpolation of ineligible guests.

"Above all things let there be no Mr. Chumney," said Bella, authoritatively.

"Chumney's enjoying himself at Whitby," replied Mr. Piper, "and don't want to be beholden to you for a dinner; but if you expect me to forget that Chumney's father was the first man that ever gave me a week's wages, you'll find yourself disappointed. I'd take a knife and cut my heart out if I thought it was capable of such base ingratitude."

"You may remember Mr. Chumney's father as much as you like, but you needn't always be talking of him, and of the time when you were glad to earn twelve shillings a week," remonstrated Bella. "There's no use in harping upon such things."

"Yes, there is," answered Mr. Piper; "it shows that prosperity hasn't made me proud."

Mrs. Piper called at the Vicarage next day to insure the acceptance of her invitation. Mrs. Dulcimer had seen Captain Standish riding by the Vicarage gate in attendance on Bella's barouche, and had heard about that ride of his from ever so many people already.

"I don't wonder people talk about him," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "He sits his horse splendidly, and there's a wonderful style about him. One can see at a glance that he has always mixed in the best society."

"I hope you and Mr. Dulcimer can come to meet him on Wednesday week," said Bella.

"Is he really coming to you?"

"I've asked him."

"Oh, but he is so very exclusive. I hear he is quite difficult to get. He is not at all fond of visiting. He shoots and hunts a great deal, they say, but doesn't care for balls or parties."

"I think he will come," said Bella. "Colonel O'Shaughnessy brought him to us last Thursday, and he seemed quite to take to—Mr. Piper."

"And he was giving you a lesson in archery, Miss Coyney told me. You must be very careful, my dear. I thought you were just a little imprudent to let him ride by your carriage yesterday. A man of that kind would get you talked about in no time."

"My dear Mrs. Dulcimer, I don't the least mind being talked about."

"Bella!"

"In fact, I rather like it."

"Bella! I don't think I could endure my existence if I thought that people talked about me," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, solemnly. "Of course in my case it would be particularly awful. A Vicar's wife is like Cæsar's."

"Cæsar had so many wives," said Bella, "he could hardly expect all of them to be respectable."

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, her whole countenance suddenly illuminated, "I have such a splendid idea!"

Bella looked any thing but delighted.

"What is it, dear Mrs. Dulcimer?"

"What a husband Captain Standish would make for your sister Clementina! My dear, he is the very man for her. A man of high family—rolling in money—young—handsome. *What* a chance for that poor girl!"

"My dear Mrs. Dulcimer, do you imagine that any man of high family would choose a wife out of my father's house?"

"But he need not see her in her father's house—at any rate, not till he is so deeply in love that he will not care a straw whether her family are rich or poor. He will see her at the Park—elegantly dressed—with you. He will only think of her as your sister. And if he were to propose, I feel sure that Mr. Piper would do something handsome for her. He is the soul of generosity. You know that, Bella."

"He is very generous, but I can not expect him to give all my sisters fortunes."

"Not all of them, dear. No, of course not; but he would give Clementina something if she were going to make such a match as that. A man in his position would willingly make some sacrifice to have Captain Standish for his brother-in-law. Only think, Lady Emmeline Standish would be your—something-in-law. It would be so nice for you to have people of high family belonging to you. It would give you the *entrée* to county society."

"It would be very nice, I dare say," said Bella, not elated by this brilliant perspective, "but it is just the most unlikely thing to come to pass. A man so run after as Captain Standish has been is not likely to fall in love with Clementina."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Dulcimer, sagely. "More wonderful things have happened within my knowledge. Clementina is a very pretty girl, almost as pretty as you, Bella. She has your complexion. I hope you've invited her for Wednesday week."

"No, indeed, I have not. It doesn't do to be overrun by one's family always. You see I could scarcely ask Tina without asking papa and mamma, and that is quite out of the question."

"You might have her to stay with you," suggested Mrs. Dulcimer. "She would help to amuse your step-daughters."

Elizabeth Fry and Mary Wollstonecraft were coming home for their summer vacation in a few days—a return acutely dreaded by Bella.

"Well, dear Mrs. Dulcimer, perhaps you are right. It might be as well to have Clementina."

She could not be more in the way than those two troublesome step-daughters, Bella thought.

"If you have your sister with you, it will prevent people making disagreeable remarks when Captain Standish calls on you," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "It must be so awkward for a young woman like you to receive a gentleman when your husband is out."

"Captain Standish is not quite a dragon," replied Bella, laughing. "I am not afraid of him."

"My dear, I am told he is a very fascinating man," said Mrs. Dulcimer, "and that is the worst kind of dragon for a young married woman. He certainly ought to marry Clementina, and if you and I exercise a little diplomacy, I believe he will do it. Look at your position. I feel proud of that. If it hadn't been for me, you might have never been Mrs. Piper. Poor Mr. Piper might never have repeated his offer if I had not encouraged him."

"You are all that is kind and good," said Bella, inwardly protesting against this patronage and interference.

"Now go and invite your sister to stay with you, dear. And see that she is becomingly dressed. And you can polish her up a little in the next fortnight. Clementina sadly wants polish. She has never had your opportunities, you know."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOSS OF THE "HURON."

ONE of the saddest disasters of the year was the loss of the United States steamer *Huron*, on the morning of November 24, near Kitty Hawk, on the North Carolina coast. The *Huron* left Hampton Roads about eleven o'clock Friday morning, November 23, for Havana, having been sent out to survey the islands of the Caribbean Sea and the Antilles. The weather was threatening at the time of sailing; but as the *Huron* was a stanch vessel, Commander RYAN did not hesitate to put to sea.

During the afternoon the weather grew more stormy, and when night set in, the wind was blowing a heavy gale. No danger was, however, apprehended. But about ten minutes past one o'clock Saturday morning the *Huron* struck heavily and stuck fast in the sand. The surf was terrific, and the night intensely dark. Signals of distress were made, but no response was received from the shore. None of the officers knew the position of the ship, and even the direction of the shore could not be ascertained. The waves made a clean break over the decks, sweeping every thing away, and carrying the boats from the davits. Many seamen and officers were washed overboard, and out of 138 men only 34 were saved.

According to the account of Assistant Engineer DENIG, the ship was heeled over about forty degrees to windward. At every thump some part of the engine frame would snap, and the starboard boilers shifted toward the port side. Every effort was made to keep the fires going. At about ten minutes of two o'clock it was found necessary to haul the starboard fires. At two o'clock the engines stopped suddenly with forty pounds of steam, and the fires were hauled at a quarter past two, the remainder of the steam blowing through the whistle, making signals of distress. All valves in connection with the sea were closed, and word passed for all hands to get on deck. The engineers were all cool and collected, not the least confusion on the part of any one being manifested. A few minutes afterward the starboard boilers shifted clear across the fire-room. The sea was breaking over the ship, and it was pitilessly cold. At daylight there were about fifty men on the forecastle, and every sea would wash some of them overboard. There were five men in the main rigging. At about eight o'clock the poop-deck boats and hammock nettings were washed away, and every sea nearly tore the men from the rigging. At about half past eight the main and mizzen masts began to break.

Commander Ryan and other officers were washed overboard soon after the vessel struck, while doing their utmost to save the lives of the men. Among the survivors was Ensign Lucien Young, who, with several others, succeeded in reaching the shore on the balsa, after several hair-breadth escapes in the heavy surf. As soon as he landed he sought assistance. Meeting several men on shore, he asked why the life-car was not there. "They said," he states, "that it was locked up in the station, and they were afraid to break open the door. I told them that if they would come with me I would break open the door and get it out. Five of them volunteered to go. I asked them if they saw our signals, and they said they did, even the very first signal. I walked and ran down the beach with these men to the station. I found no one there, but saw a team coming down the beach, which proved to be that of Sheriff Brinkley, of Dare County. I broke open the door, got the mortar and lines, broke open a locker, and found powder and balls, all of which Sheriff Brinkley took up in his team; but when I got back to the scene of the wreck all the masts of the *Huron* were gone, and no one was on board. This was about 11 a.m."

The moment the news of the disaster was received at Hampton Roads the *Swatara*, *Powhatan*, and the wrecking steamer *Baker* were sent to the scene of the wreck, but they arrived too late to be of any assistance in saving life. The terrible surf had swept away all who clung to the wreck, and only thirty-four succeeded in reaching land.

The generally accepted theory as to the cause of the disaster is that local attraction had caused such a variation of the ship's compass as to mislead Commander Ryan. The *Huron* is said to have been a sound ship, in every respect seaworthy, and her commanding officer was regarded as one of the most skillful navigators in the service.

Commander Ryan, whose portrait is given on page 989, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1842. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1857, having been appointed from his native State. After a successful course, he graduated as Midshipman in 1860, and was assigned for duty on board the brig *Bainbridge*. At the commencement of the war in 1861 he was still attached to that vessel. During the summer of 1862 he was transferred to the steam-sloop *Sacramento* for special service, and was actively engaged along the coast during the remainder of the war, both on blockade and auxiliary duty. On July 16, 1862, he received his commission as Lieutenant. In 1865 he was transferred to the steamer *Lenapee*, then attached to the Atlantic Squadron, and he remained on that service until the close of 1866, having received on July 25 his commission as Lieutenant-Commander. During the years 1867–69 we find him doing duty at the Naval Academy, and he remained on the staff of instructors until the early part of 1870, when he was assigned to the frigate *Sabine* on special service. He obtained his rank of Commander October 3, 1874, and was placed in command of the *Huron*. After a cruise of eleven months, the ship went out of commission in April, 1875. Commander Ryan was again assigned to the *Huron* in September, 1876. By his death the naval service of the country has lost a very gallant officer.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	16.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Friday,	21.—St. Thomas, the Apostle.
Sunday,	23.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	25.—Christmas-day.
Wednesday,	26.—St. Stephen, the Martyr.
Thursday,	27.—St. John, the Evangelist.
Friday,	28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	30.—Sunday after Christmas.

The case of Father Stack, the Roman Catholic priest of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, who was removed from the pastoral charge of his church by Bishop O'Hara, has been decided in his favor by Judge Gamble, acting as Chancellor of the Court of Common Pleas. The litigation between the parties has been going on for six years. According to the report published, "the judge maintains that the power [of removal] exercised in the case by Bishop O'Hara is unwarranted by the canon laws, and that even if the discipline of the Church allowed it, such power must nevertheless be condemned as contrary to the law of the land, and prejudicial to the rights of citizenship." The judge, however, declines to restore Father Stack to his former position. If the priest was illegally deprived, it would seem reasonable that the court should give him back his place, inasmuch as the law was appealed to for this express object.

The Lincoln University, established in Pennsylvania by the Presbyterians for the higher education of freedmen, has already achieved great results. In twelve years 135 students have been graduated from the collegiate and theological departments. Of this number fifty-seven are now ministers, thirty-eight teachers, four lawyers, three physicians, seven are following business pursuits, and twenty-four are studying professions. The fifty-seven ministers are Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Episcopal, Baptist, and Reformed.

The exclusion of Father Curci, the Roman Catholic orator, and the editor of the *Civilta Cattolica*, from the Jesuit order, is much discussed by the press of Europe. The fact that so gifted a man, whose life has been devoted to the upholding of the papacy, advises the Pope to abandon the demand for the restoration of his temporal power, is very significant. Father Curci has issued a letter, dated Florence, October 25, in which he explains his position. He says: "As many persons have spoken of it with great inexactitude, I judge it opportune that a very grave fact which concerns me should be known directly from myself. After belonging to it for more than fifty years, I am to-day, by lawful authority, separated from the Company of Jesus, although still remaining united to it in mind and heart, as I have always been." He promises a fuller explanation of his opinions in a short time. From the tenor of this letter it would appear that Father Curci has voluntarily retired from the Jesuit society.

The annual meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society began in Philadelphia November 21. The receipts during the financial year up to October 31 were, from collections, $70,407; on Loan Fund, $21,208; loans returned, $17,387, making a total of $109,002. This is an increase on the preceding year to the same date.

The Irish (Disestablished) Church shows more and more, as time progresses, its hostility to ritualism. Recently, at the meeting of the Dublin Diocesan Synod, the subject of religious "retreats" was brought up by the statement that such a retreat had been held near Dublin, with the usual accompaniment of auricular confession. Professor Jellett moved three resolutions condemning all such practices as tending to divest the Church of its Protestant character. One member of the Synod, Canon Smith, in the course of the debate admitted that he had heard confessions. The admission intensified the excitement. The resolutions were carried by the following vote: clergy—ayes 51, noes 26; laity—ayes 149, noes 14. Archbishop Trench, after the declaration of the result, expressed his dissent from the resolutions, and suspended them, "referring the matter to the General Synod of next year." The bishop and some of his relatives were charged as being in sympathy with the proceedings condemned by the Synod.

As to the health of the Pope, the following account from the Roman correspondent of the London *Times* is most probably correct: "His doctor—Ceccarelli—has taken up his quarters at the palace, and visits his Holiness three or four times a day. Pius IX. never rises from his chair, to which it has been necessary to add new supports and cushions to afford him ease and relief. The weakness of his limbs is increasing, especially on his right side. He is, however, still carried out into his garden in the sunny hours of the day, the mildness of the weather being still extraordinary even for Rome, and he continues to receive visitors, though his addresses are short and his voice is faint."

The disposition to revise the doctrinal standards shows itself, by no uncertain signs, among the United Presbyterians of Scotland. The Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of the Queen's Park Church, Glasgow, in a discourse delivered on the first Sunday of November, said that the "United Presbyterian Church was committed by its whole history to the path of doctrinal reform; that as a Protestant body it was bound to sympathize with the conscientious difficulties of others, and as a Presbyterian body to eliminate the grim, repellent, and untrue aspects of the so-called Calvinism, as set forth in the subordinate standards." The desire to revise the confessions is also reported to be strong in the English Presbyterian Church. It should be borne in mind, however, that the conservatism of the Presbyterian Churches is a well-established historical fact.

Efforts continue to be made to promote Catholic emigration from the great cities to the far Western States. The *Pilot* publishes letters continually from priests in Kansas, Dakota, and other States and Territories. It also reminds the "Irish in America that the best foundation for prosperity and a permanent influence in this republic is an extensive ownership of the soil."

As the result of the *Culturkampf* in Germany there are now four bishops left in Prussia out of twelve; two have died and six have been deposed. The sees still having official heads are Ermeland, Culm, Hildesheim, and Osnabrück. Of the sum of over $300,000 voted by the state for the support of Catholic parish priests, only as much as will support twenty is drawn. The law of April 22, 1875, requires every ecclesiastic, before receiving a stipend from the state, to sign a declaration of submission to the ecclesiastical laws. As nearly all the priests refuse to comply with this requirement, they are thrown for support upon the voluntary contributions of their people.

The union of the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists of Ireland, in relation to which negotiations have been for some time going on, will soon be consummated. At a convention recently held in Portadown it was determined that the united body should be called the "Methodist Church of Ireland." The Wesleyans of Ireland number about 20,000 communicants.

The Reformed Churches of France held, during the mouth of October, important conferences—that of the liberals of the state Church at Nismes, and that of the orthodox party at Montauban. It was though tthat the orthodox conference would urge the assembling of another Synod as a means of relieving the present dead lock in relation to the profession of faith to be required of ministers. There is also a union of Evangelical Reformed Churches, wholly separated from the state. These number forty, and met in Synod at Lyons October 25. This union was formed in 1848, when M. Fédéric Monod and M. Agénor de Gasparin seceded from the national Church. It has recently lost three of its most important ministers, MM. Bersier, Théodore Monod, and Jean Bost. Notwithstanding these defections, the union is represented as being in a hopeful condition.

The American Missionary Association is about to publish a plan for the extinction of its entire indebtedness, which has been reduced to $57,691. Among the recent contributions are two from Scotland of $1000 each.

An Evangelical Alliance, comprehending all the Protestant Churches of Australia, is likely to grow out of the visits of Mr. Henry Varley and the Rev. Dr. Somerville to that colony.

The discussion excited by the omission of the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh to celebrate the Lord's Supper, as a token of the Christian fellowship of the delegates, is likely to continue till the Council meets again, in 1880. The Rev. G. D. Mathews, of this city, one of the secretaries of the Council, explains the omission in this way: The Edinburgh Presbyterians knew that there were present delegates from Scotland, Ireland, and America who "had peculiar views about communing, and that they could not take part in such a service even if the Council by a majority vote should agree to do so. To avoid the shame of a discussion and a vote, to avoid wounding the convictions of brethren, to avoid the novel way of promoting the unity of the Presbyterian Church by driving off a number of esteemed and honored brethren, the Edinburgh friends resolved that they would not 'invite' the Council to the communion service, but simply sent a notice that such a service would be held," etc. All this shows that the Alliance will have a work to do in promoting as well as expressing Presbyterian unity, and that there is good reason for future meetings of its Council.

The text of the pamphlet or essay on the temporal power of the Pope which brought Father Curci into trouble has been published. It shows that while, on the one hand, his reasons for accepting the loss of temporal sovereignty are unanswerable, his scheme for the reconciliation of Italy and the papacy is visionary. On the former topic he says that, as the independence of the Pope has, by the act of Providence, been taken away for seven years, "so it may be now ordained that he should be deprived of it for centuries. Nor is it quite sure, if he were to recover it, that it would be precisely such a sovereignty as it was before September 20, 1870. As the temporal power could not be restored as it was without breaking up the unity of Italy, it was natural that the Italians should look upon the Vatican and the Church as their enemies, and that the country should say to the Church, '*Mors tua, vita mea.*'" His scheme of reconcilliation embraces these three points: (1) "The Pope should consecrate the king, bestowing upon him an authority emanating from God, and not from the people; (2) he should have the means of efficiently and legally preventing or forbidding laws contrary to religion and morality; (3) he should so arrange the conditions of Rome that the Pope could reside there in a dignified manner, as a sovereign not only of Rome, but of Italy." It is not necessary to say that Italy would never accept such an arrangement. It is suspected that there are among the Italian priests many sympathizers with Father Curci's scheme of pacification. It is said that Pius IX. and Cardinal Simeoni are considering the expediency of submitting to the cardinals the question, "Ought the necessity of temporal power to be made a dogma?"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The value of the storm warnings of the Signal Service becomes daily more apparent. Occasionally, it may be, the signals of danger are displayed without need. But ship-masters have learned that when the red flag is flying, they are wise to be on their guard, and not to venture into dangerous localities on the stormy waters. The heavy gale in the midst of which the unfortunate *Huron* went ashore on the North Carolina coast was extremely severe in many parts of Virginia, Maryland, and Georgia, as well as in other sections of the country. The floods caused by the sudden rising of the Potomac, the James, the Shenandoah, and the Dan rivers, and many smaller streams in their vicinity, caused great destruction of property. In Richmond, Virginia, the lower part of the city was inundated, the flood spreading over whole blocks, submerging the gas-works, leaving the city in darkness, and causing immense damage. Persons who remained in dwellings in the flooded locality were driven from floor to floor, and in many instances were finally removed in boats to places of safety. But the Signal Service had previously uttered its warning note and foretold a sudden rise in the Virginia rivers, so that at Richmond and at other places much movable property had been placed beyond the reach of high water before the floods came. The same warnings were specially serviceable to shipping in harbor.

Season-ticket holders at the Paris Exhibition, following the fashion of Philadelphians last year, will be expected to paste a photograph on their vouchers, a duplicate photograph being placed in the book whence the voucher was withdrawn. The price of season tickets will be twenty dollars.

The "Memorial Reference Library" which the alumni of Union Theological Seminary decided last summer to establish in honor of the late Professor Henry B. Smith is now open for use. It contains 2500 volumes, besides the standard theological periodicals. The sum of $10,000 has been raised for founding and endowing this collection; it is intended to add to it the valuable reference books in the department of theology as they successively appear.

Great havoc among the fowls, to be sure! No less than 6500 pounds of turkey and 7500 pounds of chickens were required by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction for the Thanksgiving dinner of the inmates of the various institutions of the city.

All London has been excited over the recent marriage of Henry Fitzalan Howard, Duke of Norfolk, to Lady Flora Hastings. The bridegroom is by blood and rank at the head of the aristocracy of Great Britain, and consequently his marriage is a great social event. The bride is eldest daughter of the Countess of Loudoun, and inherits some of the most ancient baronetcies in the realm. She is about twenty-four years of age, not beautiful, but much esteemed in English society for her good sense and sweetness of temper. The duke also is distinguished for his sound judgment and simple habits; and although living in one of the finest ducal residences of England, his mode of life is markedly unostentatious. He is noted for his life of religious devotion and charity.

After having been open to the public over ten weeks, the American Institute Fair brought its successful exhibition to a close. The attendance was estimated at about five thousand a day, including probably about fifteen hundred "complimentary" tickets. Over seven hundred prizes were distributed among the fifteen hundred exhibitors on the last evening of the fair. It is pleasant to know that this interesting exhibition has been a pecuniary success this year.

The *Court Journal* says that the Russian authorities appear to have taken a leaf from the constitution of the English "Temperance League." Most stringent measures against intemperance have been recently adopted, and a great decrease of alcoholism is stated to be the result. Drinking shops are closed at eight in the evening, casinos have been put down with the strong hand, and refreshment saloons have been removed from the interior of theatres. The folk of St. Petersburg and Moscow look upon these innovations with no favorable eye.

A novel affair in the Spanish department of the Paris Exhibition is to be "a prize show of the photographs of the most beautiful women in the world." There are to be sixty-one principal prizes, besides minor ones and "honorable mention." Beauty is to be judged by photographs—a full face and a profile view—and the jury will be composed of two members chosen from each nation, a gentleman and a lady. The lady proclaimed "queen of beauty," if she happens to be in Paris, and is willing, will be paraded in a carriage drawn by six Andalusian steeds. Such is one reported "feature" of the Exhibition of 1878.

Queen Victoria desires to regulate her children, it is said, as if they were still boys and girls. Prince Leopold is twenty-four, but one of his suite is expected to telegraph his slightest movements to Windsor or Balmoral; and sometimes he receives, in return, positive orders to change his plans.

In Russia a new sect has sprung into existence, called the "Purifiers." Their creed is simple: all persons must marry on coming of age; the wife must be recognized as the head of the family, and the husband must confess his sins to his wife once a week!

The London Cremation Society has recently exhibited models and diagrams of a "cremation apparatus." The cost of it is stated at £1000.

An iron bridge is wanted across the Danube, and an agent of the Russian government is endeavoring to make a contract with builders in this country for its construction. It is to be 2100 feet long, a single span only, and to cost about $3,000,000.

In these hard times it is very convenient to have a "shower of fish" such as has been reported from Canada. They were fresh fish, and scattered along a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. Whether these wonderful fishes fell six feet or six hundred nobody seems to know; but they were good, and another "shower" is earnestly requested.

Times change. The heathen are now organizing foreign missions for the conversion of Christians. The Hindoos of the city of Benares have founded a society for the propagation of Brahminism among the Christians of Australia. An eminent Brahmin, while travelling not long ago among the Australian colonies, was appalled at the fearful prevalence of drunkenness among the "Christian" settlers. He returned to India, consulted with other thoughtful Brahmins, collected money, and organized a society for the conversion of these Christians to the purer and better faith of Brahminism!

"Peter Parley's Tales" are affectionately remembered by hundreds who are now growing gray. But where have the "Tales" gone? Mr. Spofford, the Congressional Librarian, has for a long time been looking in vain for a complete set of them.

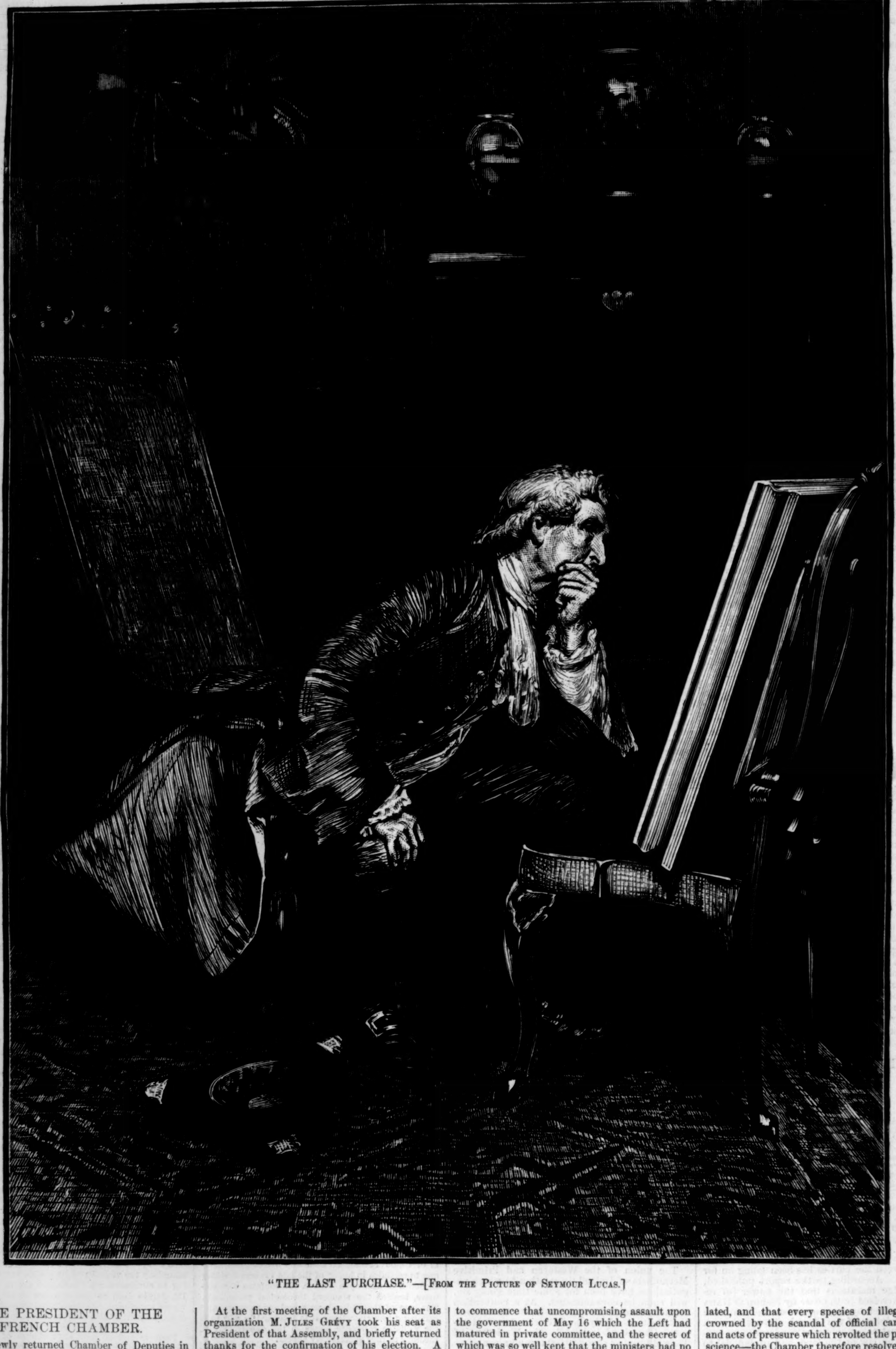
The Horseshoe of Niagara is now a right angle. A large section of rock recently fell with tremendous force.

Babies in England need protection. In one farming district an infant weighing only one pound four ounces has been exhibited in a travelling circus. The police concluded to interfere in this case. But in the same district five-year-old children are sent out by their parents to earn money by scaring crows from the fields.

Some newspapers seem to be edited on the general principle of reporting an accident, casualty, or even a commonplace event one day, and contradicting it the next day. This method fills the columns without much trouble. Every one who has personal knowledge of the events recounted in newspapers notices the marked inaccuracies in details, even when the main statement is true. This is an almost inevitable result of hasty reporting and eagerness to have the "latest news." Rumors may doubtless be considered as news in a certain sense; but it is evident that many reports are made up out of nothing.

Coffee, according to the *Lancet*, has been found to be a complete antidote to strychnine, or to diminish materially the violence of its action, varying according to circumstances. Instances are mentioned by Dr. Attilio Lelli as having come under his notice where strychnine had been administered in strong coffee without fatal consequences.

Farmers and all who have charge of cows may learn a lesson from the following anecdote which we clip from an exchange: A market-gardener had a very fine cow that was milked week after week by hired men. He observed that the amount of butter he carried to market weighed about a pound more on each alternate week. He watched the men and tried the cow after they had finished milking, but always found that there was no milk left in the teats. He finally asked the Scotch girl who took care of the milk if she could account for the difference. "Why, yes," she says. "When Jim milks he says to the old cow, 'So! my pretty muley, so!' But when Sam milks he hits her on the hip with the edge of the pail, and says, 'H'ist, you old brute!'"



"THE LAST PURCHASE."—[From the Picture of Seymour Lucas.]

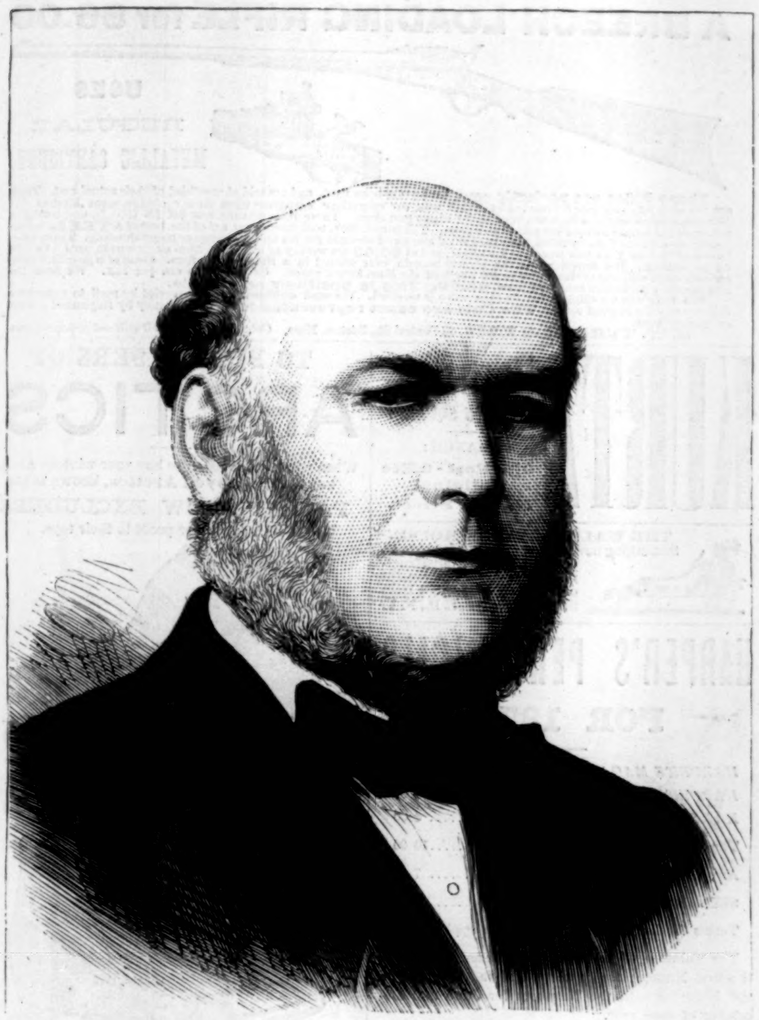
THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

The newly returned Chamber of Deputies in France has re-elected its former President, M. Jules Grévy, by a majority of 299 votes against 159, which is one way of signifying that it is a continuation of the late Chamber, in spite of Marshal M'Mahon's appeal to the suffrages of the nation. M. Jules Grévy is a firm but sober and temperate Liberal, of proved ability and judgment, in whom both M. Thiers and M. Gambetta had agreed to put their confidence, and who is now regarded as the most eligible person to succeed Marshal M'Mahon in the Presidency of the republic.

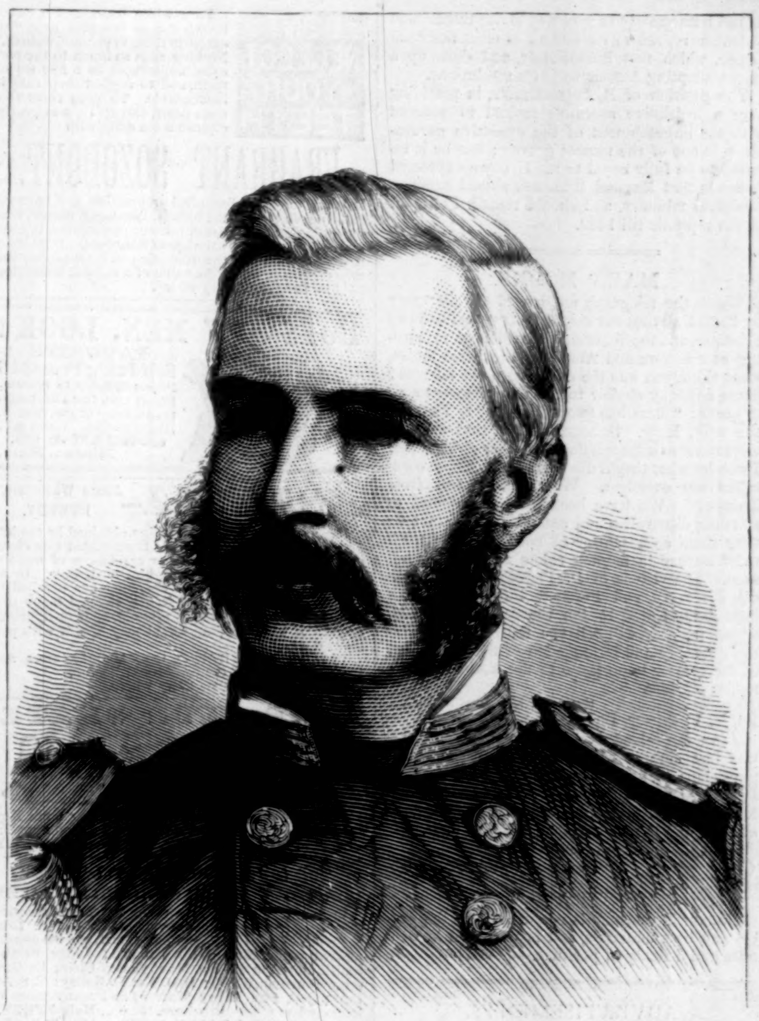
At the first meeting of the Chamber after its organization M. Jules Grévy took his seat as President of that Assembly, and briefly returned thanks for the confirmation of his election. A task of great responsibility was imposed upon him, and he would endeavor to fulfill it with firmness and moderation, as he was sure the Chamber would do theirs, taking example from the admirable calmness and prudence of the country in expressing its sovereign will. This brief speech was received with long-continued plaudits from three-fourths of the benches, the Right remaining silent.

After some formal notices the great parliamentary struggle began. The brother of the President, M. Albert Grévy, mounted the tribune to commence that uncompromising assault upon the government of May 16 which the Left had matured in private committee, and the secret of which was so well kept that the ministers had no idea of the form in which it would be made. The speaker, very like his brother the President, but much younger, has a good voice, with a dignified manner equal to the occasion, and in most impressive tones he read what in reality was a bill of indictment against the ministers. He moved the following resolution: "Considering that the elections of October 14 and 28 were carried on in a manner which imposes exceptional duties on the Chamber in order to protect universal suffrage, from which it issues—considering that during five months the law was systematically violated, and that every species of illegality was crowned by the scandal of official candidatures and acts of pressure which revolted the public conscience—the Chamber therefore resolves, and it is hereby decreed, that a committee of thirty members elected in the bureaux shall be charged to institute an inquiry into all the acts of pressure since May 15. It will be invested with the fullest powers, will have a right to call for the papers relating to every election, and to propose such comminatory measures as it may deem fit."

In a short but most effective speech supporting the resolutions, M. Albert Grévy said it was necessary that all the criminal acts of those who for five months had been in open rebellion against the country should be collected, so that right

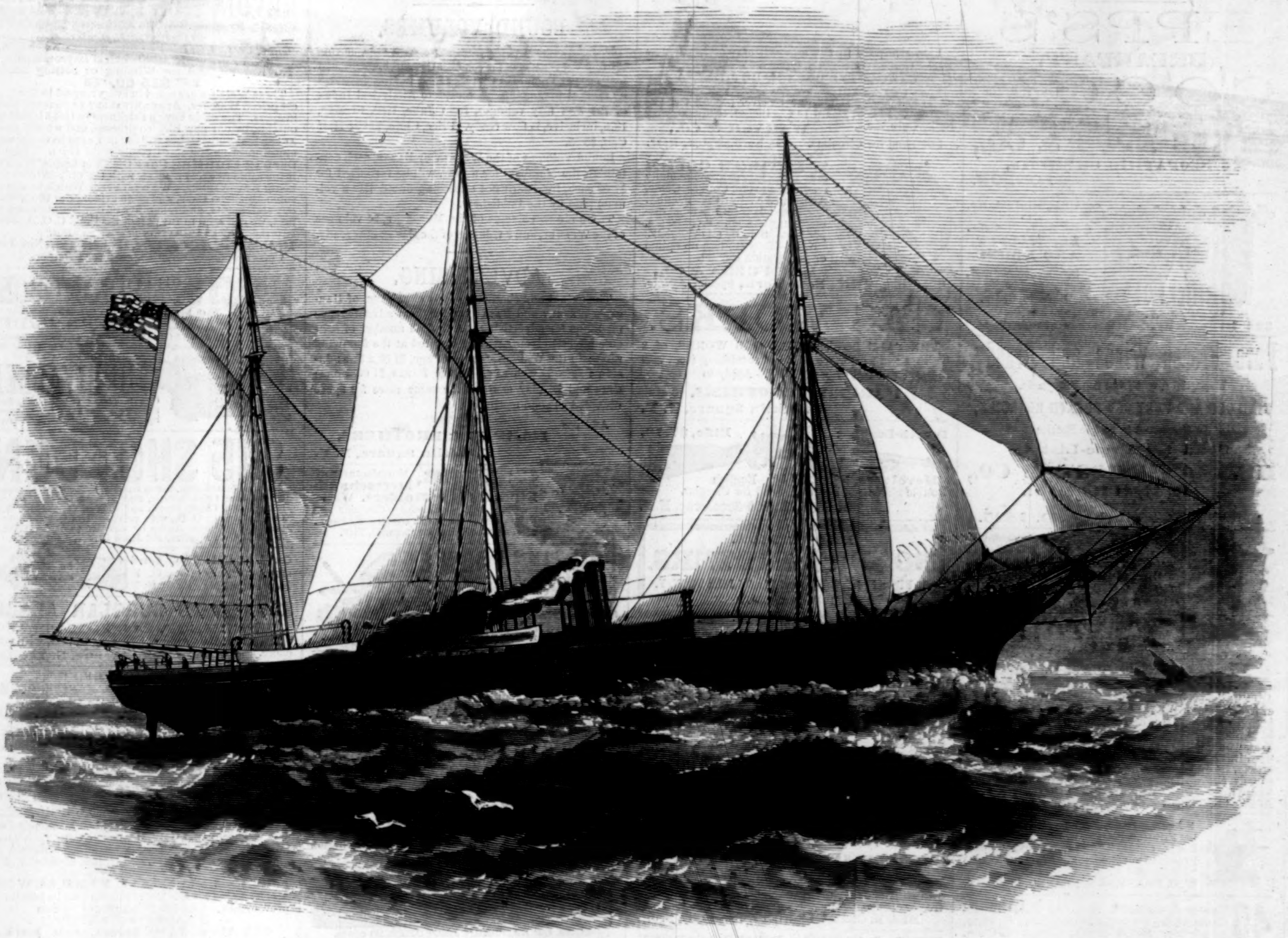


M. JULES GREVY, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER.



THE LATE COMMANDER GEORGE P. RYAN.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 986.]

might be done upon them. The criminals were the agents of those ministers who yet stuck to their places. Those ministers had treated France as a conquered province. The hour had now come for them to be brought to account. The country must be restored to its proper position of master against rebellious servants. The country had done its duty, and it was now for its representatives to do theirs. This speech was greeted with vehement applause. The President of the Ministry, the Duc de Broglie, with manifest anger and vexation, affected to brave out the accusation. With much indignant gesticulation he declared that the government was more anxious than any body for full inquiry, and he desired that it might be rapidly concluded. Only he would perhaps wish for more impartial judges than he was likely to get then. Travelling out of the record, he used a *tu quoque* argument from the pressure on the constituencies which M. Gambetta attempted to exercise at Bordeaux seven years ago. He would hereafter discuss the strange theory of those who pretended that two of the powers instituted by the Constitution were



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "HURON," LOST NEAR KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA COAST.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 986.]

bound immediately to give way to the third. The Chamber retired to its bureau to elect the committee, which met immediately, and drew up a report adopting Albert Grévy's resolutions.

The position of M. Jules Grévy, in presiding over a legislative assembly invited to proceed with the impeachment of the executive government, is one of the utmost gravity; but he is reputed to be fully equal to it. His own expressed desire is that Marshal M'Mahon should summon a Liberal ministry, and should remain President of the republic till 1880.

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When the telegraph announced the discovery by Prof. Hall that our neighboring planet had two satellites, and the dispatch was read the next morning at ten thousand American breakfast tables, what think you was the effect upon the hearers? Some colloquy similar to the following was sure to occur: "Mars has two moons, hey? Pass me the milk, Kitty. Strange, isn't it, that astronomers never saw them before. Another chop, please. I wonder what they'll discover next? These corncakes are excellent. What's the latest from Europe?" We have become so accustomed to startling discoveries and announcements, that we take them as a matter of course. Even truth must appear in flaming colors to make herself seen. The virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets have been tested in ten thousand households, whose inmates will tell you that they consider the discovery and introduction of these remedies of far greater importance to the world than the moons of Mars.

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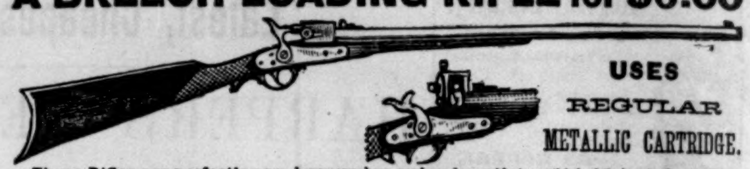
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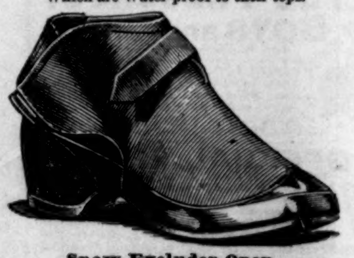
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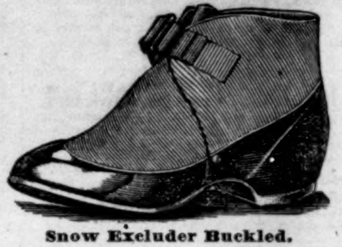
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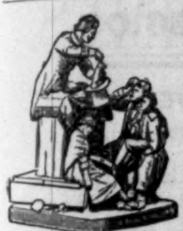

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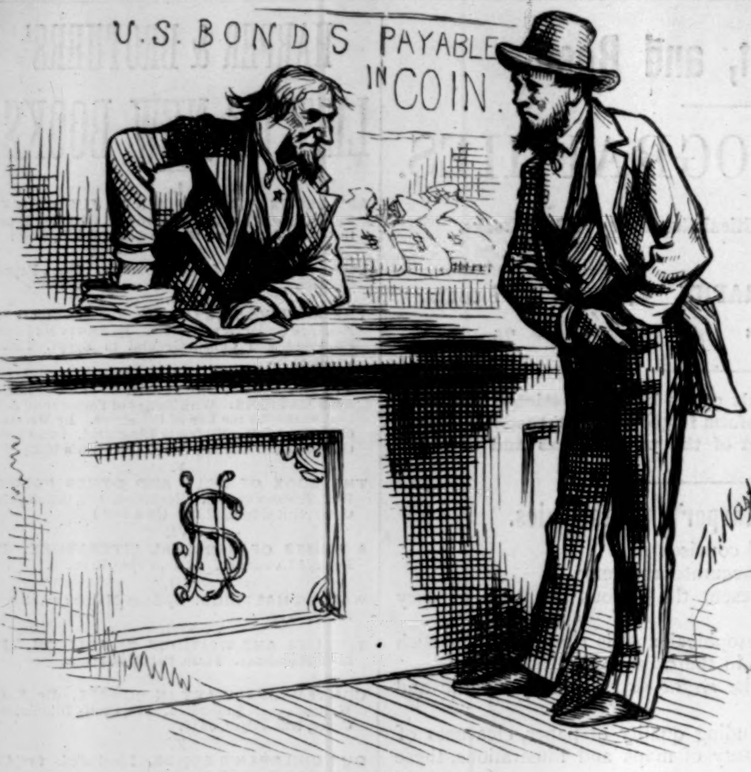
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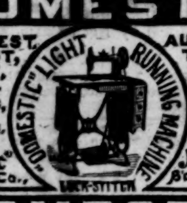

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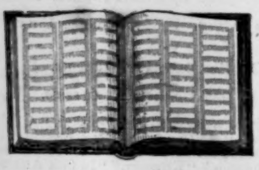

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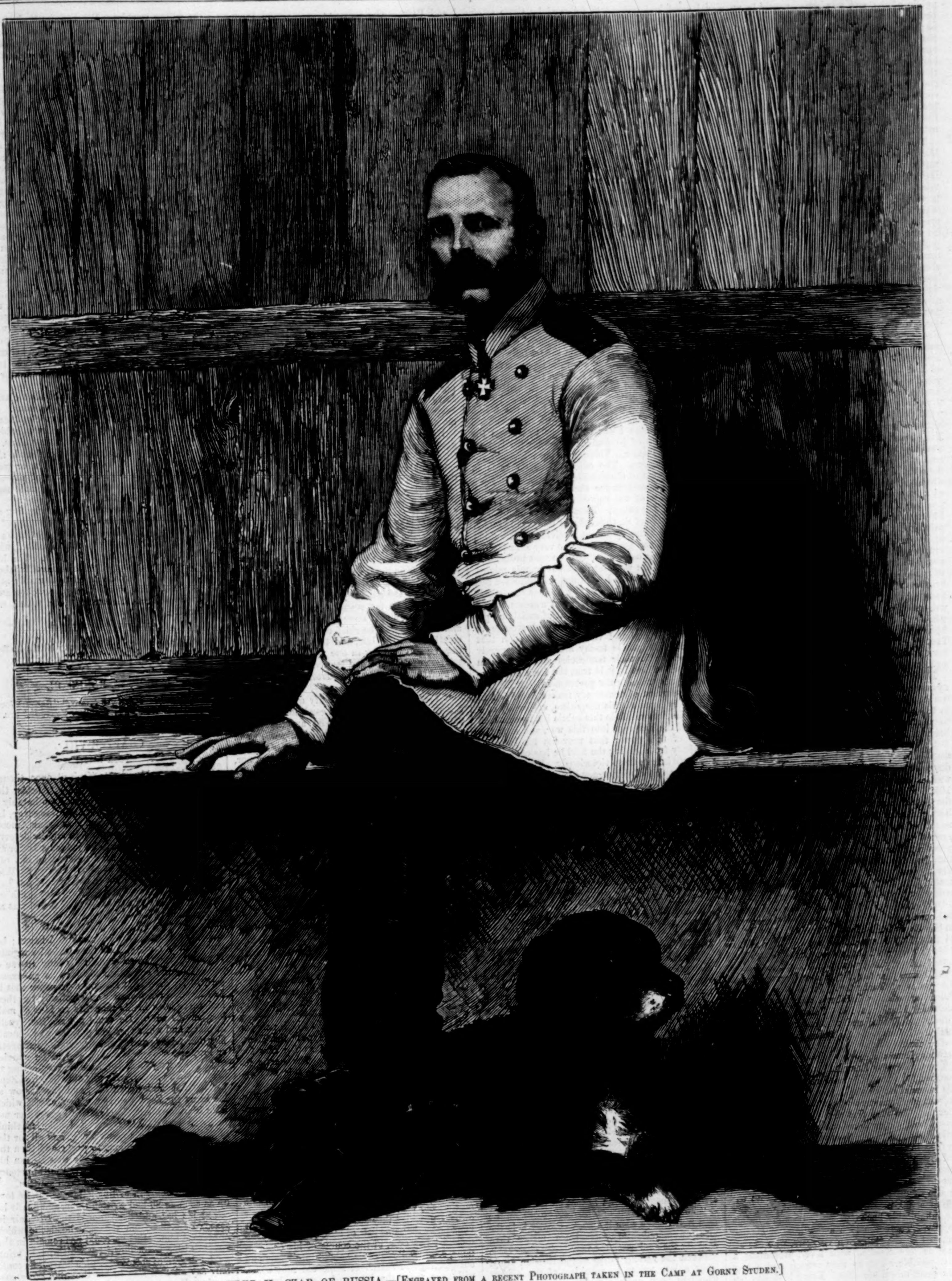

ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.—[ENGRAVED FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE CAMP AT GORNY STUDEN.]

ALEXANDER II.

HIS Imperial Majesty **ALEXANDER** II., Emperor of Russia, was born on the 29th of April, 1818. He is the eldest son of the late Emperor **NICHOLAS** I. and of the Empress **CHARLOTTE**, a princess of Austria. As a boy his education was directed by General **MÖRDER**, a German, and the Russian poet and scholar **JOUKOWSKI**, both acting under the immediate supervision of his father. At sixteen young **ALEXANDER** was declared of age, made commandant of the Lancers of the Guard, Hetman of the Cossacks, and first aid-de-camp of the Emperor. As a consequence of all these honors he was subjected to a daily course of manœuvring, reviewing, and military parade which at last seriously injured his health. Foreign travel having been recommended as a restorative, he went to Germany, and while there concluded a marriage with the Princess **MARIA**, daughter of the Grand Duke of Darmstadt.

This event took place in 1841, shortly after which the Grand Duke **ALEXANDER** of Russia, as he was then styled, was nominated Chancellor of the University of Helsingfors, in Finland, and Superintendent of the Military Schools of the Empire. In both positions he applied himself vigorously to his duties, and by his dextrous and subtle manners insinuated himself into the affections of the Finns to such an extent that he weakened their characteristic love of independence. He founded a chair of the Finnish language and literature, patronized the academy for the culture of the latter, and defrayed the expenses of remote explorations undertaken by their *savants*, such as **CYGNOENS**, **WALLEN**, and **CASTRÉN**. In 1850 he held a command in the Russian army in the Caucasus, and made an extensive tour through Nikolaiev, Tiflis, Erivan, Sevastopol, and other towns of Southern Russia.

It is said that the Grand Duke witnessed with regret the attitude assumed by his father toward Europe about this time, and that he altogether disapproved of the Crimean war. In the midst of this very struggle **NICHOLAS** died, and **ALEXANDER** found himself at the head of the government, and in a very critical position. **WALLACE**, in speaking of the event, says: "While the government had still to concentrate all its energies on the defense of the country, and had no time to undertake internal reforms, the 'Iron Czar' died, and was succeeded by his son, a man of very different type. Of a kind-hearted, humane disposition, sincerely desirous of maintaining the national honor, but singularly free from military ambition, and imbued with no fanatical belief in the drill-sergeant system of government, **ALEXANDER** II. was by no means insensible to the spirit of the time. He was well aware of the existing abuses, many of which had been partially concealed from his father, and he had seen how fruitless were the attempts to eradicate them by a mere repressive system of administration. As heir-apparent he had taken no prominent part in public affairs, and was consequently in no way bound by antecedents. He had, however, none of the sentimental enthusiasm for liberal institutions which had characterized his uncle Alexander I. On the contrary, he had inherited from his father a strong dislike to sentimentalism and rhetoric of all kinds. This dislike, joined to a goodly portion of sober common-sense, a limited confidence in his own judgment, and a consciousness of enormous responsibility, prevented him from being carried away by the prevailing excitement."

The Emperor Nicholas died on the 2d of March, 1855, and the first act of his successor was an immediate change of policy. Alexander II. had two parties to conciliate—the old Muscovite party, blindly zealous for war, and the more peaceable and intelligent portion of the nation, which possessed his personal sympathies. He pursued a course calculated to encourage both. First he announced his intention of adhering to the policy of his "illustrious ancestors" so far as consistent with the exigencies of the times, and then he concluded peace. No sooner had this been done than the nation became aware that the rigorously repressive system of Nicholas was about to be abandoned. In the manifesto announcing the termination of hostilities the Emperor expressed his conviction that, *by the combined efforts of the government and the people*, the public administration would be improved, and that justice and mercy would reign in the courts of law. Apparently as a preparation for this great work, to be undertaken by the Czar and his people in common, the ministers began to take the public into their confidence, and submitted to public criticism many official data which had hitherto been regarded as state secrets. The Minister of the Interior, for instance, in his annual report, spoke almost in the tone of a penitent, and confessed openly that the morality of the officials under his orders left much to be desired. He declared that the Emperor now showed a paternal confidence in his people, and as a proof of this mentioned the significant fact that 9000 persons had been liberated from police supervision. The other branches of the administration underwent a similar transformation. The haughty, dictatorial tone which had hitherto been used by superiors to their subordinates, and by all ranks of officials to the public, was replaced by one of considerate politeness. The restrictions regarding the number of students in each university were abolished, the difficulty of obtaining foreign passports was removed, and the "press censure" became singularly indulgent. Though no decided change had been made in the laws, it was felt that the spirit of Nicholas was no more.

The greatest achievement of the reign of Alexander II. was, however, the emancipation of the Russian serfs in 1861, and of the Polish serfs in 1864. By these acts emancipation was given to nearly twenty millions of peasantry, formerly bound in a depressing and humiliating servitude. But, on the other hand, the Czar has been obliged, despite his "naturally humane and benevolent disposition," to permit the exercise of great severities in repressing the Polish insurrection of 1862; and the measures of his government in the Caucasus and in Central Asia have certainly been characterized by a policy of self-aggrandizement. The ukase still stands by which he has granted to all Polish exiles who are willing to express repentance for the past, permission to return home; but though desirous of preserving the nationality of Poland, he will not have it separated from the "great Russian family." In the struggle which took place with Poland in 1863–64 30,000 insurgents were killed or severely wounded, 361 condemned to death, and 85,000 transported to Siberia and the Ural Mountains. In addition to this, 10,000 sought an asylum abroad. In 1864 the war with the Circassians, which had lasted thirty years, was also brought to a close. In the same year the Russians subjugated two of the states of Turkestan. In 1866 a proposed Polish insurrection in Siberia was promptly suppressed. Finally, in 1868, Poland was incorporated with Russia, and rigorous measures were instituted to suppress the Polish language.

The circumstances that led to the present war between Russia and the Turks, as well as the course pursued by Alexander II. since its inception, are too familiar to need recapitulation here. His imperial Majesty is now at Gorny Studen, the present head-quarters of the Russian army near Plevna. The very fact that the Czar of all the Russias has taken up his residence in this muddy little Bulgarian town shows the intense interest he feels in the progress of the present campaign, and his anxiety for the welfare of his soldiers. Gorny Studen, chosen as the Russian head-quarters on account of its central position, is said to be a most unattractive village, "situated on the side of a hill, now knee-deep in mud, with only one inhabitable house, which is occupied by his Majesty. There are also a few huts or cabins, tenanted by the Bulgarian villagers, who are all more or less stricken with fever, presenting a most pitiable sight as they crouch and shiver over their miserable fires. Every tent has become a covered swamp, infested by mice, which seek shelter and warmth within its precincts. The roads are impracticable; the bridges between this place and Sistova are unrepaired, and it is a wonder that any vehicle can arrive safely at its destination."

Yet at this place the Emperor is contented to remain while the fate of Plevna is pending. Here he entertains all who are considered worthy of the honor, and the army is enabled to feel that its great head is always with them, conscious of all that is going on, and ready to administer reward or punishment as the case may be. Thus is fulfilled the theory that the Emperor is the great and sole fountain of all military honor, that he watches over all personally, and that no act escapes his eye. Certainly to see how his every word and gesture is followed by those around him, he would appear the earthly incarnation of supreme power. And his personal bearing enhances the reward in every case. A generous word, a friendly look, the well-chosen expression of praise to suit the individual, go home to the heart of the recipient as much as the highly cherished reward itself. Two hundred officers of all ranks breakfast and dine daily at his table.

On certain occasions, when the Czar appears before the assembled circle, an aid-de-camp is seen behind him carrying a cushion with crosses on it, and perhaps half a dozen sword knots of honor—the ribbon of St. George, orange and black—to be worn attached to the sword hilt. Instantly expectation is at its height. The Czar's voice calls the chosen name; all make room for the envied man to pass; he comes blushing and flushed, receives the prize, bends low to kiss the imperial hand, and retires bowing at every step, a made man for life, the admired and courted of all beholders. Then he has to go through the usual embracing and kissing on both cheeks from his friends. The effect of the system is like magic; it is to concentrate all power and authority absolutely in one centre. Thus the Czar is the earthly Providence of the soldier and officer as well as the embodiment of the military power and glory of his country.

One correspondent, who witnessed a scene of this kind, in remarking upon the friendly relation that exists not only between the Emperor and his officers, but extends all through the army, seems disposed to find in it a tendency toward democracy asserting itself in what is supposed to be the most autocratic government in the world. He says: "After the transfer of the command was completed I was summoned to witness the distribution of decorations given for the last attack on Plevna. Three had been ordered for each squadron. The officers have no voice in the selection of the candidates, the men balloting among themselves for the honors, and sending the names of the successful candidates to the commanding officer. Each recipient of the 'Soldiers' Cross of St. George' was thoroughly tossed in the air by his comrades, receiving the attention with a solemn gravity that was very amusing. I may remark here that there is a vast problem in human nature working itself out in this mighty nation of Russia. I have not yet fathomed this thing, and do not believe any one has thoroughly mastered it, but it is there, and furnishes a most interesting study to the student of social and political development. It may sound strange to many readers, but I venture the assertion that the Russian people to-day are the most purely democratic in their tendencies and customs in Europe. There is, it is true, the form of an absolute despotism in the government, but this vast under-current of democracy makes itself felt in the very heart of this despotism, and really controls its action. It is this subtle influence which forced the Emperor into this war, and it is the fear of this power that prevents his Imperial Majesty from leaving the field he has once entered until he can do so victoriously. The evidences of this spirit of democracy are plainly written in the every-day life of the army, and those who choose may read it as they go. The old-style form of aristocracy still exists in the court circles of the army, but there is a vast majority where the officer recognizes the private as an equal, man for man, and the distinction between them is regarded as an official one only. I saw this illustrated yesterday in watching Skobeloff with his officers and men. He shook hands with the lowest subaltern with the same manner as with the colonels of regiments. These young lieutenants showed no constraint in his presence; all was easy and purely democratic, and yet every word of command or expression of a desire from the general was obeyed with an alacrity and rapidity that could not be surpassed in the most despotic martinet service on the globe. The private soldiers were also easy, and to a certain extent familiar, with their officers, and yet the discipline was perfect."

The idea of democracy is a new thought in regard to Russia, and it seems more than likely that what our correspondent has mistaken for the subtle influence of a democratic spirit awakening among a people who fifteen years ago were familiar with such an institution as serfdom, is nothing more than the patriarchal instinct which always obtains to a certain extent where a large number of people are entirely dependent upon the will of their owners or masters, not all of whom are ever entirely inhuman and depraved. This thought is expressed in the greetings with which all subordinates are addressed in the army. Every officer, from the subaltern drilling a squadron to the general inspecting a division on parade, or the Emperor himself at a review of an army, commences with a salutation to his troops—"Your good health, my children," to which the men reply, "We wish it also." Clearly it is the idea of affectionate dependence rather than equality that animates the familiarity observable between the various ranks of the Russian army. Thus a late writer, in speaking of the officers who had been deemed worthy to receive some special award from the hand of the Emperor, says: "I have seen old officers so overcome with this mark of distinction that they went about for ten minutes after like children, weeping, with the prized decoration in their hands, showing it round, half dazed."

We venture to prophesy that it will be many years before the idea of democracy makes much headway in the dominions of the Czar, or the imperial descendants of Nicholas are held in less veneration than at present. His Majesty Alexander II. is the father of six children now living. The eldest son, now Czarowitz and heir-apparent, is the Grand Duke Alexander, born in 1845, and married, in 1866, to Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister to the Princess of Wales. There are four other sons, Vladimir, Alexis, Sergius, and Paul. The only daughter, Grand Duchess Marie, was married, in January, 1874, to his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh. The Emperor's two brothers, Grand Duke Nicholas and Grand Duke Michael, command respectively the armies in Bulgaria and Asia.

OUR DIGESTIONS.

When proper, natural, simple food is taken into the healthy stomach, no more is felt of it. If it be of the nature of soup or beef tea, it is absorbed, as it were, by the coats and veins of the stomach. If it be meat, it is by the movements of the stomach carried round and round its cavity, and mixed up with the gastric juice, which oozes into the stomach whenever food is put into it. This gastric juice is a clear, colorless, acid fluid, which flows freely into the stomach, as we have said, whenever food is taken into it. The free acid present in the gastric juice (of the dog) is lactic acid. The gastric juice has very slight tendency to putrefaction, and may be kept for an indefinite length of time in a common glass bottle without developing any putrescent odor. The peculiar property of this fluid is that it dissolves meat, boiled white of egg, and such like substances. It does so even outside the body, but it does so best inside the body, assisted by the high temperature of the stomach and by its peculiar movements. Gastric juice does not dissolve all kinds of food; it does not dissolve fat, nor starch, nor oil. Its proper duty is to dissolve meat, gluten (the most nutritious part of bread), caseine (the most nutritious part of milk), albumen (white of egg), etc.

It is supposed that about fourteen pounds of gastric juice are poured daily into the stomach. Of course it is not secreted all at once; the stomach would not hold so much. What happens is this: when animal or albuminous food is taken, gastric juice flows out into the stomach and dissolves a portion of food. Having dissolved the food, it is absorbed—sucked up, as it were—at once into the blood, with the food it has dissolved; then another portion is poured out to dissolve more of the food and to be absorbed; and so on, until all that kind of food which it dissolves is taken up from the stomach into the system. This will be the work of some hours. That portion of food which the gastric juice is not able to dissolve—such as fat, starch, etc.—passes on into the intestine, and is there digested by other juices and secretions. The chief of these are the pancreatic juice, the bile, and the intestinal secretion, all contributing in one way or other to the solution of the food, and toward making it into a sort of emulsion which is favorable to its being absorbed into the system.

It may be difficult to classify dyspepsias, but it is easy to state the general conditions on which good digestion depends. Who are the people that are always talking about their digestion and their dyspepsia? Not sailors, nor agricultural laborers, nor mechanics, nor boys and girls, nor, for the most part, men; in other words, not those who live much in the open air and use their limbs and muscles. But who are the people that are half afraid of their meals, and have miserably to consider what we shall *not* eat and what we shall *not* drink. They are in-door sort of people—tailors and shoe-makers, milliners, clergymen, literary men, and nervous, fidgety people, who are always worrying themselves. Then there are people that weaken their stomachs by things which they take—not only by too much beer and spirituous drinks, but by living too much on tea and taking too much tobacco.

PAIRING INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

Birds may be divided into three classes, viz., firstly, those birds which, having once paired, remain together for life; secondly, birds which pair annually; and thirdly, birds which never pair, but are polygamous.

We will take firstly those birds which pair for life. Swallows are an excellent type of this class, returning annually to their old *nesting sites* for the same purpose as previously. The martin returns to its old *nest*. But to some this may appear incredulous, knowing that these birds perform long migrations, and may get separated while upon them. Do these birds get finally separated when in large companies they are searching the air for their food? or do rooks, starlings, and jackdaws fail to remember the position of their nests? The same instinct which informs the swallows when to leave the south, in like manner urges them onward to their old nests, and again the same pair of birds will perform the duties of incubation. We know that the same nesting site will be yearly tenanted by its former owners, provided they are left unmolested. This must be by the same pair of birds; for what ornithologist has ever, in the course of his observations, seen swallows prying about into barns and out-buildings in search of some old nest which will save them the labor of constructing one themselves? The time would be so taken up in this search that no brood would be reared. Young birds pair most likely before their migration to us, and search out nesting sites upon their arrival in this country.

Ravens, magpies, jackdaws, starlings, house sparrows, several of the *Falconidæ* and *Paridæ*, have all been known to return to their nests of the previous season. The robin and the wren return to their old sites (but not to the old nests) for several years. From these instances it may be inferred that all birds which return to their old nests or nesting sites for the same purpose every season pair for life.

In the second place, those birds which pair annually. The birds which form this division are the most numerous of any. We have many instances of this class; as a good type, we will take the willow warbler. When these birds first arrive in this country they are never in pairs. But observe them a few weeks later; they have all found mates, and are employed in domestic duties. It is the nature of these birds to make fresh nests every season, and never in the same position or locality. When once these birds have left their nests, and the young can forage for themselves, all connection between the two birds ceases; the nests are abandoned, never to be returned to, and the birds roam about searching for food, very often solitary, until the time of migration arrives. Several of the thrushes are for the most part solitary in their habits, except in the breeding season, while others roam about in flocks, very often the males or females being predominant, but, as spring arrives, separating into pairs for incubation, after which the same routine is again repeated. The chaffinch is the same—in flocks during the winter, the sexes not at all social; but as the breeding season approaches they are again seen in pairs for the propagation of their species. The pigeons, partridges, snipes, plovers, and rails all pair annually. In the same manner the buntings, larks, many of the finches, warblers, all pair in their due season. All these birds' nests, after once serving their purpose, are abandoned forever. Will the frail little white-throat use yon abode again? or the sand-piper return to the cavity which once contained her eggs? These birds pair annually, and of course select each successive year a fresh situation for the birth-place of their young.

In the third place, we will take that class of birds which never pair, or are polygamous. It is only in one division of our present classification that we can trace those of polygamous habits—in the first section of the Gallinaceous birds. In all birds which are polygamous the female alone is intrusted with all care of the eggs or young, and she, through a wise provision of nature, is made equal to the emergency. The male shows little or no affection for them.

The house sparrow returns to its nesting site, and is thus at variance with its congeners of the same family. The tame duck is polygamous; but observe its wild representative, the mallard, which separate into pairs for nidification. The long-tailed titmouse never returns to its beautiful abode, while the blue titmouse appears annually at its hole in the hollow tree. The goat-sucker annually pairs, while swallows, swifts, etc., remain united for life.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

POOR ZEPH!

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "Second-Cousin Sarah," "Her Face was her Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"POOR ZEPH!"

Yes, he would write to Zeph at once, thought Dudley. She would understand him better than the rest of them. He was judged too harshly by outsiders. The father, in cruder language, had only expressed the same opinion as Frank Amoore. All his own fault; he owned it, and he deserved it. What right had he to be judged a better and more honorable man than ninety-nine out of a hundred placed in a similar position? What proof was there existent that he would not have harmed Zeph Carrington? And how much evidence was there that his course of action was not one of studied deception from the first?

Yes, he would write to Zeph.

He sat down before his desk and began; but the task was more difficult than he had imagined. It was impossible to explain his long course of deception, and constitute his love as an excuse for it. He dared not set down on paper that he had loved her desperately and foolishly, but there had never been in his thoughts an idea of making her his wife. He could not register cruelly in black and white that her position was beneath him, her friends and home surroundings altogether low, and that he was engaged to be married to another woman at the time he was raving of his affection for her. He was sure he loved Zeph passionately and unselfishly, and the sorrow at his heart for Zeph's sorrow was a weight which bore him down completely. He begged her not to judge him as her father had done, to think of his trouble even, to consider it was all for the best that they were about to part; and then the lines read so coldly and falsely that he ran his pen through them, and cursed the incompetency of expression by which he had been smitten.

He spent hours in writing letters, which he tore up as soon as he had written them, and finally he seized his hat and dashed into the fresh air in search of relief from the sick headache which oppressed him. But he could not remain in the streets with a letter unwritten which might bring a faint degree of solace to Zeph's heart if he could only say all that was in his thoughts more earnestly. He returned to his chambers, lighted his lamp, and had recommenced his miserable task, when a strange, soft knock at his door thrilled him with a horror for which there could be only one reason. Zeph had come to see him! to denounce his perfidy with her own white lips, to curse him for the blight which he had been to her life. He was sure it was she before he was standing in the doorway, looking out into the murky landing-place where Zeph was.

He had not been mistaken. She who came quickly toward him, with her hands extended and her anxious face uplifted for his kiss, was the poor little milliner who had altered his life and shipwrecked her own in trusting to him.

"Zeph, Zeph," he said, "you should not have come to see me here; you should have kept away, and waited for the letter I am writing to you."

"I could not wait, Dudley," she answered, listlessly. "What was the use of waiting? Let me come in and talk to you."

"But—"

"I am tired," she said. "I have been about the streets all day, looking at the shops and the carriages. I must rest a minute, Dudley."

It was a pale, haggard face at which he gazed, and there was something so depressing and awful in her steady stare at him that he hesitated still for her sake.

"I will come out with you," he said. "We will walk together in the Inn."

"Did not you hear me say I was tired?"

"Yes; but I should not like them to say you had come to my rooms," he said. "They may be watching you."

"Who are they?" asked Zeph, shortly.

"Your father—your friends."

"Never mind them. They know," she added, with a short, hard laugh, "I am not too particular."

"Don't say that, even in jest."

"And *I* know I can trust you, Dudley. You are not the man to injure me?"

"God forbid!"

"Then let me come in, for I am very ti—"

She reeled as she spoke, and would have fallen to the ground had it not been for his plunge forward, which saved her by clasping his arms round her in his fright. He led her into his room, and while she sat in the big library chair he had recently quitted, he mixed some weak brandy and water for her.

"Here, drink this," said Dudley. "You have overtaxed your strength to-day. You have been greatly worried and traduced. It would have been better to remain quietly at home."

"Home!" she echoed, sorrowfully; "I haven't any."

"Great Heaven! what do you mean?"

"Any that I care about, I should say," she answered, as she drank from the glass, which she set aside the instant afterward with a visible shudder, and clasped her two ungloved hands tightly together in her lap.

"I am glad to see you, Zeph, for one reason out of many, although I would have preferred meeting you elsewhere," began Dudley. "I seem to have so much to say and to urge in my defense, if you will not reprove me too bitterly for all my weakness."

"I haven't cause to reproach you, Dudley," she said, with a sad smile. "It is all my fault, not yours."

"No, no; that is not true," cried Dudley. "You are not to blame. I should have known better. I have deceived you cruelly, but I could not help it."

"We could not help it, either of us," said Zeph, staring at the carpet. "It was Fate, wasn't it? I believe in Fate."

"Tell me first about your quarrel with your employers. What did they say about you and me?"

"Oh, don't bother," said Zeph, in reply. "What does it matter?"

"You are not reckless, Zeph?"

"N—no," was the half-hesitating answer.

"You are resigned to our parting from each other? You see it is best for both of us?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "perhaps it is."

"You will believe, too—oh! Zeph, you *will* believe—this is the bitterest day of my life. Don't think me a wretch and villain at any time. If it is not easy to forget me, don't think that," he cried.

"Did father say you *were* a villain?" she asked, almost unmoved by his excitement.

"Yes."

"Ah! he thinks so," she muttered. "When they told me at the business I was no better than I should be—when they told every body that—he said it might be true, for what he knew. He's very hard on us both. He's not a good father, Dudley."

"Don't think too hardly of the father, Zeph," said Dudley. "He had a right to speak."

"He said a lot about you I don't take in yet," continued Zeph, with her old sharpness of discourse apparent for an instant; "and that you were engaged to be married to a lady, too. That's a lie, isn't it? If I'm too poor and common for you—if you have thought it over again, and seen the folly of it—I don't mind much. I won't be, after a while, so very, very *down* at losing you. But there is no other lady any where, is there, Dudley? Do tell me that."

She had woke up from her apathy at last, and was regarding her old lover with eyes gleaming and wide, her face full of a craving to be convinced that Dudley had loved her in real earnest through it all.

"My dear Zeph, it is true enough," he stammered, "I am engaged to be married; that is the shame and the remorse of it to me."

"I—I didn't think it was so bad," Zeph murmured.

"It is."

"Then why did you come after me?" she asked, curiously. "Why could not you let me be? I had never done you any harm."

The light died out of her face, and the gray shadows stole back to it and deepened in their tone.

"Oh, Zeph, I did not think it would come to this!" said Dudley.

"I was happy in my way; it wasn't a good way, but laughing and talking at the Rooms didn't seem to matter much; but when you followed me, came to Keston," she added, thoughtfully, "met me week after week, night after night, made me your companion, took me every where, let me see you cared for me a little, why, what could I do but like you very much? O my God! what could I do?"

Dudley knew not how to answer. There was a strong impulse upon him to clasp this young woman to his breast, to speak words of consolation and affection to her, to bid her consider herself from that time forth his affianced wife; it seemed the only fair and honest reparation he could make. Heaven knew he loved her better than Geraldine, that he had never loved Geraldine at all, and Zeph had been so great a happiness of late days that he had preferred to lose his honor rather than lose her. But he was silent; the crisis had come, and it was wise policy to meet it firmly, though without the girl it seemed impossible then that he should ever know happiness again.

"Courage, Zeph, courage," he answered, in a low voice.

She went on in the same half-absent manner—a woman asking questions of herself rather than of him.

"If I could only understand why you took so much trouble, spent so much time on me, talked of being fond of me—if I could only make it all out!" she said; "but to go on like this, and then suddenly cast me off like an old glove, it's a riddle I can't guess; for it *was* all acting—wasn't it?"

"No, Zeph, it wasn't," he cried; "I never told you an untruth in my life. You were, and are, awfully dear to me; but for both our sakes we MUST say good-by to each other."

"Now we are found out," she added, "I wonder what would have happened if nothing had been said about it?"

"I have been summoning courage to end this for weeks; I have been miserable concerning you."

"Only for weeks. Ah!" with a heavy sigh, "it was too late then."

"Zeph, dear Zeph, it is not too late," cried Dudley; "here is the turning-point of our lives. There is nothing for you to look back at with shame. You have been good and true and honest. You have no cause for regret; the disgrace of it rests with me."

"I have been a fool," said Zeph, bitterly. "I thought I was going to marry a gentleman, and I was silly enough to trust him."

"I have not abused your trust, Zeph."

"Oh, you have respected me, you mean," said Zeph. "I wish you had not."

"Good God!"

"It would have put me on my guard, and I should have got away before I cared for you," said Zeph; "I should have been frightened and run. There, I don't intend this for a reproach, Dudley; I said I had not come to say a word against you— I didn't mean— Forgive me. Now I know the truth," she said, rising to her feet, "I think I can say—good-by—pretty well."

She turned grayer at the thought, however, and her eyes were full of that far-away look which had already scared him.

"You will go home, of course?" he asked.

"Yes; I will go home," she answered, wearily.

"Making it up with your father—settling down quietly—seeing very quickly, I hope, how wise we were to-night in parting thus."

"Oh! I see that already," she said, quickly. "Don't you fear."

"And you will seek another situation at once?"

"Situation," she muttered.

"It will give you occupation and relief of mind."

"My character is gone, and no one will have me."

"It is not gone. I will—"

"You will do nothing, please," said Zeph; "I don't want to talk of this, or think of this, just now. It is good-by I have come to say, that's all; and I *can* say it, and God bless you, too!"

"No, no; God bless you, and forgive me!" Dudley cried, folding her in his arms, and kissing her passionately for the last time in his life.

She returned his caress, put her arms round his neck softly for an instant, and then went away dry-eyed, and with a slow, firm step. He watched her descend the stairs from the balusters, over which he leaned, but she did not look up at him again, although he cried good-by to her once more, and she murmured back his words—an echo of despair that was deeper than his own.

When she was in the Inn again, and a few paces from the house, she came to a full stop. She turned and looked at the light behind the window-blind of his room. Had she been struck into stone, she could not have remained more silent and rigid in the night shadows that were about her there.

It was her last look. The dark curtain would fall between them forever after that, unless—What would he say, what would he do, if she toiled up those stairs again and told him that she could not go away, and it was cruel now to send her away, after all that had happened! But she did not move toward him—she stirred neither hand nor foot until a hand clutched her arm suddenly and roughly.

"Ben!" she faltered forth, as she became aware that it was her old admirer standing by her, with his fierce white face peering into hers.

"Yes, it is Ben—and no mistake."

"Have you been following me?" she asked, with a quaver of indignation in her voice.

"I have," was the reply. "I told your father I'd hang about till you came. He said you wouldn't come here, but I knew better. I knew what it all meant. Oh yes—it wasn't easy to humbug me."

"Well," she said.

"And you've been in there," he shouted. "I've counted all the time you've been planning with him what to do, now the whole trick's blown upon."

"I don't know what to do," murmured the helpless Zeph.

"You've settled it all, no doubt."

"And I don't care what becomes of me," she added. "I don't—really!"

"So that you get away from the gov'nor and me," cried Ben. "Of course not. "He's nothin', I'm nothin', and that feller's every thin'."

He shook his fist at the lighted windows of Dudley Grey's room.

"Shouldn't wonder if I didn't kill that man some day," he muttered, with an oath.

"Don't say that. It was all my fault."

"Oh, I don't excuse you," answered Ben.

"I don't ask you," she said, almost sharply, and in the old sharp way, and then the hollow voice came back again. "Where's father?"

"Waiting for me to tell him where you've been."

"And you'll tell him?"

"I'll tell him you're all that's bad, or you wouldn't have gone in there. I wish I'd dropped down stone-dead afore I'd seen you do it!" he exclaimed.

"He'll believe I'm wrong now, won't he, Ben?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Ah! why shouldn't he?" she said. "Good-by."

"Ain't you coming home?" he asked, a little curiously.

"I shall be home presently. I promised Mr. Grey I would go home."

Ben gave vent to another oath at this, and Zeph turned slowly from him and went along the Inn toward the Strand. He did not attempt to follow her; he went his own way, and in his own bitter spirit, to Mr. Carrington's house.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE MORAL OF THE STORY."

THE weak, vain man who had once been so proud of his moral strength, was a stranger being than he was aware, or we have been able to depict to our readers in the faint sketch which we have attempted here. Although not an exceptional man, nor an uncommon specimen of humanity—only one of a sentimental order of beings who never mean ill, and work more mischief than those bolder sinners who march triumphantly along the devil's road as though it led to glory—Dudley Grey was to an extent different from his class. He did not breathe freely after his romantic folly had collapsed, and the parting had taken place, and all was over for good. He was a man who had not completely made up his mind to part with Zeph, he found out. He had been touched to the quick by her grief and love for him; her despairing face haunted him still. He had shadowed her life for all time. He had taught her never to trust in his sex again, and he had set the tongues of scandal hissing at her with the worst construction of her dangerous acquaintance with him. She was so eccentric a girl that he was afraid of the result; she did not look at life defiantly or proudly now; he had struck down even her self-confidence; he had driven her mad by his own cowardice and reserve. She had been so good a girl until his sickly sentiment had turned her head.

The end had come, and they had said good-by. He was never to meet her again, to kiss her, to hear her crisp merry laugh ringing like a peal of sweet bells in his ears, and her big eyes were never to light up again with pleasure at the sight of him. They would pass each other in the street presently, souls divided and drifting away.

If he should go back to her! It was infatuation—there was insanity in it. There was social suicide, the contempt and laughter of his own world; but there was Zeph wretched, and he loved her. Yes, he had played with fire until his wings were scorched, and the consciousness of her grief was already insupportable to bear. He could not be happy without her; he was sure of it. He should be utterly miserable with the woman to whom his honor was pledged, and make her life a misery. He could only brighten the life of the girl who had left him: he would do it, by the help of Heaven—he would do his best at last!

What were class distinctions, and the howl of gentility at his defiance of them, to Zeph and Zeph's love for him? His mind was made up an hour after she had left him—completely made up. He sat down and dashed off a few wild lines to Geraldine, acknowledging his unworthiness, surrendering his claim to her, referring her to Frank Amoore for the explanation of his conduct, for which he begged forgiveness very earnestly, and then he went out into the streets and dropped his letter into the pillar-box with a strong, firm hand.

"Thank God, I have made up my mind at last!" he said. "I do Geraldine more justice by resigning her and accepting her scorn of me, and I save my dear, dear Zeph all further bitterness."

He walked up and down the street considering this; he had no intention of returning to his chambers yet; he was unsettled, but far happier in his mind than he had been of late days.

Why had he not done it before, he wondered now, and saved all the heart-burning and all the pangs of conscience by which he had been beset? Why had his miserable pride stood in the way of making Zeph happy? And he had coolly thought of loving one woman and marrying another! Thank God, he could change Zeph's life as in a fairy tale by the potent spell of his honest heart-felt words, and Zeph's father and friends, and even Ben, would become tolerable in time. If he lost caste, he should have done his duty, and he should be content in his lower estate—nothing could be more certain than that—with Zeph Carrington loving him so well. He would proceed immediately to Zeph's father's house and recover lost ground as soon as possible. He would bring the smiles back to that poor white face of Zeph's, and there should never be any thing save peace and rest upon it again. She was sitting at home, miserable and despairing, and he must hasten with the news that he loved her too well to say good-by to her. That was not a parting forever which had occurred a little while ago in his dusty room at Clement's Inn—only a scene in a comedy, leading up to this, and they would look back at it presently and smile at their fears and regrets, as at an interesting love story that had ended pleasantly. She would make him a good wife; she was an affectionate, tractable, docile girl, shrewd enough to catch quickly the manners and customs of society, never a woman of whom he should feel ashamed. A month or two with him would make a lady of her, and those who knew her history even would not marvel at his choice. There was more real love in the world than skeptics asserted, and so much the better for the world.

He strode on, with his brain full of thoughts akin to these, until, at the corner of a cross street on his way to Zeph's house, he came to a full stop. A stone's-throw distant from him rose the huge brick front of a metropolitan hospital, and there Frank Amoore worked in the good cause and dreamed of future fame in a world of surgery.

He should not have thought of Frank Amoore on that occasion had it not been for the knots of idlers about the doors and on the pavement and in the roadway, and in noticing them his friend came to his mind. He would tell Frank what a revolution had occurred in his thoughts, and what a better man he had become as by a miracle. It would not take five minutes to relate, and he should be amused—actually amused—by Frank's stare of incredulity and astonishment. This Amoore was a man of the world, cool, calculating, and high-principled; what would he say to him in the face of a resolve from which nothing could turn him? Frank would tell him he had acted very unwisely—every body would tell him that—but he could say never again he was behaving badly to both women, and leading the poorer on to her ruin. Frank would talk in his worldly-wise style for a time, but he would thaw by degrees from the inner warmth of his heart, and wish him at last every happiness in his choice. And presently—Dudley actually laughed at the idea, so full of life and light thoughts was he now that an honorable course of action lay before him—Frank Amoore would begin to pay attention to Geraldine de Courcy, and marry her in good time, and live happily ever afterward, though he would never know what was the deep happiness of an unselfish passion like his own. That would be reserved for one who had sunk his chances to save breaking the heart of a girl in a back street.

He crossed to the hospital and paused again. Perhaps Frank was busy. There had been "a case" in during the last few minutes, and the crowd had not dispersed yet. Jackson, the porter, was chasing one or two boys down the steps as Dudley went toward him. Dudley Grey was well known as a visitor to the surgeon's quarters and the porter touched his hat as he came up.

"Is Mr. Amoore in?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And busy, perhaps?"

"No, Sir, not at all."

"Oh, I thought by the crowd—"

"I suppose they're waiting for the body to come out again—for they've brought it in an hour too late—that's all. They've no right," said the porter, very much aggrieved, "to keep bringing their stale stiff uns here. We can't cure them things."

"We couldn't help it, I s'pose," said a surly-looking man in a blue serge jacket, who stepped from the hospital as the porter spoke. "I'll swear she breathed when Bill and I fished her out of the water."

"You'd swear to any thing," said the porter, laughing with the easy complacency of a man accustomed to tragedy toiling up the broad stone steps all day. "I suppose you heard her dying speech and confession, too, and what she did it for?"

"That's easy guessing," muttered the man; "it's all one tale that takes gals to the river."

"Ay, that's true," said the porter, "and—"

"Let me pass," said Dudley, pushing by them roughly. "Where's Amoore? I must see him. Don't stand in the way. I—"

He dashed into the great central hall, where a few students were congregated, and some hard-featured working-men were preparing to depart with their draped and rigid burden to the parish dead-house. Frank Amoore was crossing the hall in haste, when his friend screamed forth his name. The young surgeon paused, turned very pale, and came to him with an angry frown upon his face.

"Good God! Dudley, why have you followed on like this?" he asked, sternly. "What's the use of it, save to attract attention, and make more misery and scandal?"

"It is; then—it was—" Dudley could say no more, but remained dumb and horror-stricken, with his hand pointing to the litter which the men were raising to their shoulders.

"Yes—it was the girl you called Zeph," said the surgeon. "What did I tell you long ago?"

Overwise folks are proud of their prophecies, and it is a moment of triumph when they can shout forth to the weaklings, "What did we tell you?" But this vain, weak, willful Dudley Grey had closed his eyes at the mention of Zeph's name, and dropped like a dead man at the feet of his friend.

"Don't press round too much, gentlemen," said Amoore, bending over Dudley at once, and waving back the students. "It's a little shock to the system, a mere faint—that's all. Unfasten his neck-tie; he will be better in a minute." Then he looked round in a scared and excited way himself, and waved his hand toward the group of bearers in the background. "Take *it* away—quick!"

And as Dudley Grey came to himself, and glared into the face of his friend, poor Zeph was carried out into the night.

THE END.